Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

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Written for the Casket.

AN ADDRESS TO THE INTEMPERATE.

"Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n."
MILTON, Book 1.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."
PROV. Ch. xx. v. 1.

Heirs of eternal bliss or woe, attend!
And hear the solemn counsel of a friend;
One, who alas! in folly's giddy maze,
Sunk the best portion of his younger days;
But found at length, these *vanities of life*,
With God and goodness equally at strife;
Reform'd his plan, the *cursed draught* abjur'd,
And of his dreadful malady stood cur'd.

Say! what from dissipation do ye gain,
But public infamy, disease, and pain?
The haggard look, and trembling hand bespeak
A "*mind diseased*," and a body weak;
The tott'ring gait, and tugging hard for breath,
Are sure precursors of a speedy death;
And if ye still persist, no arm can save,
Ye soon must drop, and fill the *drunkard's grave*.

O! stupid beings, thus your time to spend,
And think so little of your latter end;
But still rush madly on, devoid of fear,
How at the bar of God will ye appear?

When ye shall stand before the "*great white throne*,"
The secrets of your hearts will all be known;
Your crimes of crimson dye will stand unfurl'd,
In presence of a congregated world;
Your deeds of darkness too. will spring to light,
And fill your guilty souls with sad affright:
With terror and dismay, and deep felt pain,
Ye then will call on rocks,—*but call in vain*;
On mountains too, to fall upon your head,
And hide ye from the Judge of quick and dead;
Fruitless resource! stern Justice bids ye go,
To taste the sharpness of eternal woe;
To feel the fierceness of Jehovah's ire,
And dwell for ever with *devouring fire*.

Past all relief! ye then will call to mind,
The cogent reasons by your friends assign'd,
Why ye the DRUNKARD'S fatal course should hate;—
But, awful truth! reflection comes too late,
And serves to make the piercing sense more keen,
Of what *you are*, and what *you might have been*.

Haply in those dread realms ye'll recognise,
The hopeless wailings, and the mournful cries
Of some, by your example led astray,
Who barter'd Heaven for pleasures of a day;
Ah! how *that* meeting then will aggravate,
The gloomy horrors of your hopeless state;
How will they charge ye, with their dire disgrace,
And, demon like, will curse ye to your face.

This painful subject I might still pursue,
And other awful pictures bring to view;
But, nature sickens! gladly then I cease,
And turn to scenes of PIETY and PEACE.
Delightful thought! there's MERCY yet in store,
O! then the "GLASS" discard, and sin no more;
To God with penitential tears confess,
Your multiplied acts of wickedness,
For mercy plead! the blood of Christ was spilt,
To free e'en drunkards from their load of guilt;
Believe on Him, and sure as He hath died,
Your plea for mercy shall not be denied.

Come then immortals! and no longer dare
Jehovah's vengeance; but for *death* prepare;
Your little span of life will soon be o'er,
And proffer'd mercy then will be no more.

Flee from the wrath to come, with holy fear,
And when your God in judgment shall appear
Then shall your ransom'd souls with triumph sing
The praises of your mighty God and King;
And gain those realms, exempt from sin and thrall,
Where—"*one unbounded spring encircles all.*" J. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

An Adventure,

DURING THE LATE WAR.

One day in July, 1814, whilst fishing with two other boys, on the rocks below the Salt Works, at the mouth of New London harbour, we observed a boat with eight oars, approaching the small cove to the westward of us. At first we supposed it contained a party of young officers from the British squadron, as they frequently amused themselves by shooting, on the island, at the mouth of the cove; but observing them more distinctly as they approached, we could see none but those at the oars; and our conjecture, that the crew had run away from one of the British vessels, was fully confirmed by their running off with all their might as soon as they landed. After they had disappeared, and seeing no prospect of their being pursued by any of the boats' squadron, we rowed our small skiff behind the rocks, keeping close to the shore, until within a few rods of their boat, when we landed under cover of a large rock, and proceeded cautiously to the boat. In the boat we found a midshipman, with his arms and feet tied, and a handkerchief over his mouth. We immediately relieved him, and learned that the crew had risen upon him, about ten miles off—a very easy task, as they were all armed—the boat having been despatched by the frigate Majestic, to reconnoitre a sloop, that they supposed was Capt. Howard's, laden with flour, from New York, a fact the midshipman was unable to ascertain, as the crew preferred leaving the sloop to make its way to New London, where it arrived after some difficulty, as I shall relate presently.

The midshipman, (now Captain R——, of the Royal Navy, whom I have since had the pleasure of dining with) we ascertained, was one of a party that we had fallen in with two weeks previous, whilst shooting meadow hens. They then treated us very kindly, took some of our fish, and in return gave us some refreshments, requesting us to exchange our fishing apparatus for a pair of pistols.

Being an acquaintance we took him to my father's house, gave him some refreshments, &c. He remained with us during the day and part of the night; for, awaking very early in the morning, we found he had left us, leaving a note saying he would take our skiff, and in its place we might have the cutter. We were entirely disposed to connive at his escape, considering the manner he came into our possession; besides, our house was completely exposed to the whole squadron, without any defence nearer than Fort Griswold, distant seven or eight miles. In fact they frequently landed near us, and took what provisions they wanted. Sometimes they would throw a few guineas at the women, and say if they did not think they were poor they would take what they wanted without leave.

The boat we took to New London, and sold to one of the American squadron, for seventy dollars, quite a sum for three boys, the oldest not fourteen.

Captain Howard's sloop was chased by the British sloop of war Wasp, on shore at the Salt Works. Guns were brought to her rescue.—Two companies of militia, under Captain Decatur, Lieutenant Biddle, and other officers, were attending the Presbyterian church, at New London, at the time; and hearing the guns, they, with all the congregation, left the church, expecting the fleet had made the contemplated attack on the town. Captain Decatur proceeded with six boats to the mouth of the harbour, and with two pieces of artillery succeeded in driving off the barges of the Wasp, and those of the frigate, that had come to their assistance.

In consequence of the calm the British vessels could not approach near enough to do us any damage; the flour was therefore landed, and carried to New London in wagons; the sloop was got off and warped into New London harbour. Capt. Howard continued to run down to New York, during the war, taking advantage of the dark nights, his knowledge of the sound, and the winds. As for the boat's crew, they all escaped except one, who, report says, was decoyed and taken by a tory, who was strongly suspected of supplying the British with fresh provisions.

The British Admiral, Hardy, had offered one thousand dollars reward to any one who would bring him a deserter. He was induced to offer this large sum in consequence of frequent desertions from the British Navy. I never heard of but one being taken back, and this was the person I alluded to. It was said at the time that Richard ——— carried him off one night when he took his usual supply of fresh beef; that, on his informing the captain of the Ramilees who he had, he (the captain) took a rope from the yard-arm, and hung the poor fellow from the boat, without taking him on board.

Richard ——— made a large sum of money, by fair and foul means, during the war, but never prospered; he committed suicide after the peace, from remorse, it was said.—In fact, all at once he appeared to be an altered man: *he never smiled after the night he took the poor fellow on board the Ramilees.* One of his fellow tories fled to Canada. On his return, after the peace, he was tried for high treason; but government not wishing to spill any more blood, did not make great efforts to convict him. Some of the witnesses absented themselves, and none felt willing that the man's blood should rest on their testimony. He was ably defended by a very eminent lawyer of New London, who named a moderate fee, considering the services he rendered, but the man had no gratitude or principle, and declined paying him his fee, saying, "Why, squire, a man had better have been hung than to pay such a fee." He is still alive—has accumulated property, but is respected by no one.

D.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

On returning a Lady her Miniature and a Lock of her Hair.

There is one spot to my memory dear,
Would that it were as dear to thine—
It is that spot where first I clasped
Thine own fair hand in mine.

It is a spot o'er which is cast
Remembrance saddened by my tears—
One sunny spot—the first—the last—
Amidst the waste of blighted years.

It is that spot where first I told thee,
The deep, pure love my bosom felt;
Thou did'st not then regard me coldly,
But smiled upon me as I knelt.

Now, broken by thy thoughtless hand,
The spells thy love once round me threw,
Have passed like pictures, traced in sand—
Like summer clouds, or morning dew.

W. M.

Written for the Casket.

THE ITALIAN BRIDE.

In the crowd
They could not deem her one of such; she stood
Among them but not of them—in a shroud
Of thoughts that were not their thoughts.—BYRON.

"Signora Italia Franzoni, portrait and miniature painter, at the Haymarket." Such was the simple card which, inserted daily in the Richmond prints, and backed by letters to persons in the very first world there, drew successive crowds to Pryor's Garden, as the Haymarket used to be styled in familiar parlance, by the good citizens of that town. In those days, the visits of distinguished Europeans to the capital of the Ancient Dominion, fell like those of angels, "few and far between:" even the arrival of a foreign artist of celebrity furnished, therefore, food for curiosity and comment; especially when, as in the present instance, the one advertising was young, unwedded, and a woman! Besides these powerful claims to admiration, and some superb specimens of pictorial skill, exhibited by the Italian, Le Brun, a splendor of personal beauty establishing and illustrating her nationality, was not to be passed over as the least attractive item about her. Her manner, too, was full of the picturesque gesture of her country, blending the extremes of soft and abrupt grace—and alternately delighting or disconcerting her numerous visiters, as pride or politeness predominated: yet, though at times disdainful, abstracted, and even stern in mien and address, these characteristic changes rendered her but the more piquant and interesting, for her speech was still melody—her attitudes [illegible] her name and avocation; and taken [illegible] she was generally accounted a most rare and fascinating creature, and favored by the ladies patronesses of the place, with a fine chance of being shown about as lioness of the season. But all participation in the fetes and festivity of the gay world, was contemned and avoided by the distant signora, who, devoting herself with a praise-worthy assiduity to her professional labors, repelled, sometimes in scorn, then in sadness, every advance to acquaintance and social intercourse. There was often visible, amid the dignified self-possession and elegant ease marking her ordinary demeanor, a momentary confusion as sudden as it was overwhelming, accompanied by a cast of deep and pensive thought, amounting to absolute melancholy, and softening the natural glow of her animated charms like a tender twilight stealing over the brilliant hues, which emblazon heaven and earth in the glorious sunsets of her own fair and forsaken land—that classic land whose name she bore, and of which, in person and mind and desolate estate, she moved a lovely emblem. An elderly female—obviously of far inferior rank, but cherished by Italia as a sacred relic of country, home, and perished friends—was the sole companion of her wanderings, and solace of her leisure hours; with her she loved to dwell on scenes of lost delight—on vanished times and things in sunny Italy. Nor was this venerable presence less essential to the reputation than to the comfort of her beautiful nursling, in the publicity attendant on her line of life. The principal part of the company, who thronged the *studio*, being of "the opposite sex," (to adopt the apt distinctive epithet of the "immaculate Fredegonda,") the quiet and respectable appearance of the matronly Monica, who was always kept in waiting, effectually *nullified* all attempts at flirtation, and proved her prudent mistress to be quite in earnest in her determination to hinder ought that might tend to interrupt or depart from the proper business before her. This precaution was by no means unnecessary; for though the Americans—to their praise be it written—are of all men most observant of the courteous usage due to every woman of repute, however lowly her degree, still there were not wanting every where some who arrogate to themselves the privilege of a little freedom, towards one dependent on public patronage for bread. But the lofty Italia soon taught them other things: those who came merely to lounge, or to admire and criticise the fair limner and her superior works, were dismissed without a particular regard to ceremony—while the patronising gallantries of such as felt disposed to pay for a portrait by the Signora di Franzoni, the enormous price, which greatly enhanced its value, were at once discouraged by the imposing air of the humble yet haughty girl, who bore in her looks a stamp of native nobility, before which all involuntarily bent. The winter thus wore away; and a busy and profitable one it was to "la bella Italiana," as she was called by her only countryman resident at Richmond, as a teacher of "the true Etrurian." Every body of fashion was eager to be painted by the admirable hand of the radiant stranger; and those to whom the distinction was accorded, accepted it as such, and treasured up the costly counterfeit, as connoisseurs do an original by Raphael or Rubens.

In addition to the worthy towns people, the vernal season brought with it a concourse of strangers to attend the races; several of whom were "ambitious of immortality from her pencil," as, in flattering phrase, they expressed it to the proud Italian painter. Two of these, meditating a call on this famous foreign wonder, sauntered forth, one fair morning, from their quarters at the Eagle Tavern—then, as now, the first house of public entertainment there. It was May-day; the flush spring had arrayed herself in "all the bloom and verdure and breathing sweetness" belonging to that most poetical and pastoral of the twelve months; and the friends, who were junior officers in our navy, strolled their idle way along sundry streets, giving glimpses through the vistas occurring at each corner, of the distant river scenery. At length, after passing through the western suburbs, they stopped on Gamble's Hill, to enjoy the full prospect that expanded around them like a glorious panorama. On their right stretched a dark skirt of woods and sylvan hills, on one of which, standing close to the water's edge that divided it from them, arose the heavy towers of the Penitentiary; before them, the James river, rushing onward to the Falls with a deep, continuous murmur, pleasant to the ear as a fine thorough-bass, rolled in thundering sheets of white foam over the vast ledge of rocks, which here runs across its ample current; and rippled and boiled and threw up its frothy spray around the islets of emerald green that gem its broad, clear bosom. Along the opposite bank were scattered farm-houses, mills, and the gay village of Manchester; while in the prospective, far below, a forest of tall masts, and snowy sails swelling and sporting in the bright sun-beams, indicated the shipping at Rocketts. Between that point and the spot where the young men stood, lay spread the entire town of Richmond, in charming alternation of fair plain, bold acclivities, and verdant garniture of groves and gardens; in the midst, built after the model of the Maison Carree, at Nismes, and conspicuous from every approach to the city, the majestic capitol dominated on its high, central hill, like a sovereign enthroned above his vassal court. On no lovelier view, as the commentary discourse of our officers acknowledged, had their eyes ever rested in other lands; Henry Corbin, a promising young midshipman, just through his examination with great credit to himself, compared it to the smiling landscapes that inlay the shores of the silvery Arno; while Lieut. Melven, older and fuller of imaginative sentiment, referred to scenes embalmed in deathless verse—

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone"—

or on the embattled cliffs of its mighty German rival. Thus, "holding poetic talk," they loitered down the descent, and crossing the canal by the bridge at its base, near the State Armory, proceeded towards the Haymarket, at that time a public promenade, ornamented with infinite taste and beauty. Its finished garden walks were, however, at that hour empty; and, unwonted circumstance! the area in front of the long, low wooden building, where lodged the object of their visit, was also vacant of carriage or passenger. The lieutenant and his companion, taking advantage of the favorable moment, hastened up the steps and through the wide old-fashioned piazza, and tapping at the street door, were let in by a little negro girl. Preceding them along a short, dark passage, she drew back a richly fringed curtain of crimson silk at the farther end, and announced Mr. Melven and Mr. Corbin; of course, they entered the *studio*. Surrounded by the implements of her creative art, and apparently just risen from a seat beside the easel which supported a magnificent piece on oil, whereon her gaze was fixed in intense and exulting scrutiny, stood the Signora di Franzoni; the natural and harmonious ease of the attitude—the perfect and buoyant form that seemed to spurn the earth—the countenance refulgent with the inspiration of triumphant genius—all suggested and realized the image of the Muse of Painting, (had ancient fancy consecrated such a deity,) in her first enthusiasm of conscious power. The dress, too, by its novel and picturesque simplicity, confirmed the strong illusion; the white robe, disposed like an antique drapery, in full and graceful folds—the broad black girdle, that clasped a waist as slender and symmetrical as that once held, according to fable, within the cestus of Venus—the pendent rosary and cross of jet, and the long raven locks, that most feminine attribute almost peculiar to the women of continental Europe, flowing loose in a soft and glossy profusion, unsurpassed by hers, surnamed, in Eastern story, the "Lady of the beautiful Tresses"—these constituted a costume, different to be sure from that of the belles of the day, but in strict keeping with the foreign *tournure* of the bright yet singular being who wore and adorned it. But striking as was the whole animated figure, it was the female "face divine" that rivetted entranced attention; exemplifying that transcendent style of ideal beauty, which "defies the canvass" of "La Bella Feronia," by Leonardo da Vinci; the features, the outlines, and complexion of Italia were as faultless and dazzling—the expression, if possible, more vivid and bewitching. Above all in "her eyes' dark charm" lurked the spell of resistless fascination; large, clear, and lustrous—by turns they melted with tender languishment, or sparkled "with a volley of rays, that seemed to say a thousand things at once."

Sometimes in deep repose she hid
Their rays, beneath a downcast lid;
[illegible]
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

Still, while those adorable eyes, lightened with all the brilliance and passion of genius and of love, an accurate observer might detect at times, in their wild and aerial glance, somewhat of the madness on which genius is said closely to border. But in their present "ambrosial aspect," there was nothing startling or ominous betrayed. The whole countenance glowed with the triumph of concentrated talent and sublime self-applause; and yet even more than womanly softness, and gentle modesty, were sweetly mingled there. The glorious vision, though, proved fleeting as 'twas fair; the wrapt exaltation of feeling and fancy fled, as the entrance of the gentlemen recalled the cold, composed expression of every day life and thought; and she, who, but the instant before, might have been mistaken for a goddess about to soar to the empyrean region, now turned upon them with the calm condescension and haughty quietude of a princess listening to the suit of her slave. Melven, as her first full glance fell upon him started back in a tremor of amazement and transport; the sudden change of that glance, as it met his—the faint blush that suffused her delicate cheek—the transient trepidation, uplifting those exquisite hands—told that he was not merely recognized but remembered. Still no word of greeting passed beyond the customary modes of salutation; and, for the first time, the ready and elegant Theodore Melven was glad to have his less polished associate at hand to explain the purpose of their visit. Both had designed to engage the pencil of this celebrated artist; but the sensitive lieutenant felt himself so thoroughly startled and discomposed by the unaccountable apparition before him, that he could with difficulty find utterance to beg that he might be permitted to speak with her on another occasion. To this the agitated Italia assented by a bow—and went on arranging with young Corbin the terms and hours of his sitting. While they conversed together in English, that "came mended from her tongue," the eyes of the shocked but enraptured Melven, which sought yet shrunk to encounter hers, stole around the paltry apartment of one whom he had known as the inhabitant of a Palladian palazzo. It was small, and plain to the last degree—containing only a bare complement of chairs, one or two common tables, and the apparatus necessary for the exercise of her present profession. There was, however, the true Italian atmosphere rife with ethereal perfumes; for the few masterly paintings, displayed as samples of the signora's pre-eminent skill, were literally embowered amid exotics and odoriferous plants, mantling the walls in such quantities as made the room look like what the French call a cabinet of verdure. In one corner, the sedate Monica sat at an embroidery frame, employed in working tapestry after the manner still practised in convents abroad. The whole scene—the unexpected and mutual recognition—the wonderful, nay, almost impossible, transition in the relative rank of himself and the radiant "lady of his love"—all pressed so painfully and powerfully on the mind of the bewildered, though happy Melven, that his respiration became oppressed, and he seized the first pause to hurry his friend eagerly away. And while the frank and jovial Henry expatiated with rapturous vehemence on the charms of the "rare nymph" they had just left, her old acquaintance, who deemed his praises profanation, walked on in taciturn and thoughtful mood, as if he had just emerged from the cave of Trophonius, rather than the *studio* of an accomplished foreign beauty.

In truth an astounding vision had there glared upon him. That the high *dama*, whom, in her own native land, he had beheld looking down on the homage of prince and peasant, was here degraded into a wandering artist, obeying for hire the behest of all who required her proffered services, at one moment, perplexed him like an incredible and preposterous delusion of delirium; then his heart would bound with delight at the blessed fortune, which again brought him near to one, who, though seen but once before, had never disappeared from his enchanted imagination; next his thoughts dwelt on the romantic particulars of that single meeting. During a cruise in the Mediterranean, several years before, the frigate to which Mr. Melven then belonged as second lieutenant, lay for a few days at Leghorn. Our flag had as yet but seldom floated in an Italian harbor, and numbers flocked to survey and praise the American [illegible] as a complete model of naval architecture; among others came a Roman prince, who on a tour through that country, with his only daughter—the admiration of all Italy for beauty and talents—made a short sojourn at Florence that she might study the master-pieces of the Grand Gallery. From the "Etrurian Athens" they drove down, by invitation, to its port, as Leghorn has been termed, on a day, lovely even in lovely Tuscany, to enjoy the sea-air in a [illegible] our man-of-war. The magnate himself, [illegible] the pomp of stately presence and jewelled [illegible], and sumptuous retinue, was but a secondary personage with the independent republicans [illegible] the gloriously beautiful creature apparently hanging on his arm, but who in reality sustained his feeble steps, they gazed as did the Trojans on the divine Helen: like her,

"She looked a goddess, and she moved a queen."

She spoke, and it was music—she sang, and the ardent youths, who worshipped at a distance around, fancied that they beheld

"The face of immortality unveiled."

The party, which was numerous, partook of a collation on board, during which the [illegible] was seized with a fainting fit, that displaced the company and put an end to the pleasure of the evening. The young lady, whose whole soul seemed absorbed in concern, persisted in having him conveyed to their own yacht, which lay astern; and attended by one or two particular friends, left the rest to betake themselves to the boats, belonging to themselves or the frigate. As she descended the gang-way in the hurry and bustle of the sudden removal, one delicate little foot missed a step, and her fall would have been a severe one but for the eager second lieutenant, whose eyes had hung in ecstacy on every movement, and who now sprung hastily forward and saved her. In the confusion of the accident a chain of plaited hair, with a golden cross attached to it, was loosened from her neck and dropped on his arm. Theodore caught up the slight trinket; but while he stood hesitating how to present it, the fair person was gone, inshrined within the curtains of her barge. He remained, holding the soft treasure in his hand, and looking after the elegant boat as it bore its peerless freight over crystal waves, till summoned below on duty. How often was the chain contemplated and kissed that night! how was it prized as the passport on which he relied for a second admission into that celestial presence! Despite his reluctance to yield up the precious spoil, it was his only chance of obtaining another interview; a few days after, he got leave to go on shore, in order to make restitution. All his inquiries after the illustrious Romans proved, however, vain; they had left Leghorn, where he had understood they meant to make some stay, the very evening of their visit to the frigate—and none knew in what direction they travelled. Young Melven was not exactly in love—but his romantic imagination had been set in a blaze, and his heart in a fair way of sympathizing with it. Long and tenderly did his impassioned nature retain the powerful impression then made upon it—and its braided memorial became a charmed relic to shield him from all other amatory influences. Gradually, however, time wrought its usual work in effacing its efficacy—and the cherished image of the noble Italian beauty faded into a dreamy recollection, awakening, when it recurred only a transient and delicious sigh.

Theodore Melven was the only child of the proudest pair in Virginia, and himself no less proud that within his veins flowed the purest and richest blood of that aristocratic state. His parents being possessed of an immense entailed estate, it was not without infinite opposition, and until after his father's death, that he was suffered to indulge his predilection for the sea. During his boyhood he exercised the habit of a hard student, to which was added a quickness of apprehension, that carried him rapidly, and with much distinction, through his classes and degrees at William and Mary College. But a life of foreign travel and wild adventure, was the passion and purpose of a soul naturally bold and romantic; and having enriched his mind with the various stores of polite learning, he ultimately won over his mother—firm and consci[illegible] enjoy an opportunity of seeing the world after his own way. Eight years had since gone by; at twenty-five he found himself first lieutenant on board of a seventy-four—and none of the evil consequences to health and morals, so dreaded by his over anxious parent, had resulted from his choice of a profession. Theodore, in common with all young men of spirit, loved pleasure; but he loved and pursued it as a gentleman, not as a roue or a sot. His refinement of taste saved him from shameful excesses, while his generous and amiable disposition rendered him popular both as an officer and a man. And yet he was intimate with few of his own standing—a favorite, notwithstanding his nautical ability, which was first-rate, with none of his superiors. A noble pride—the pride of high birth and principle—made him scorn the little deferential arts, which, too often, compete successfully with merit; and a constitutional shyness and reserve of manner—for it invaded not the warm heart—detracted not from the esteem, but from the favor of his open and merry messmates. His talents and accomplishments were more fine than showy; and with his high order of intellect there mingled a vein of sentiment and poetical fancy, utterly variant from the blunt and hearty character of the reckless sailor. Of a person tall, graceful, and commanding, his features were marked and regular, rather than extraordinary; thin, fair, and pale, with a fine expanding brow, bold Roman nose, and lips whose full and exquisite curve reminded one of the enchantment playing about the mouth of a Grecian statue; his face—that great point with the ladies—was generally admired by them, though his quiet and retiring deportment might be less partially considered. Still his great connexions and splendid property made him a prime object with the match-making and match-seeking part of society; and numberless snares were set to *catch* him, according to technical phrase. Mrs. Melven had long pined to see her son settled at home; but his aversion to marriage after that one encounter with his angel Italian, long baffled her wishes, which were bent on his union with Lucy Aylett, an orphan kinswoman with a fair portion, in whose simple and domestic habits, (to say nothing of her being reckoned the prettiest girl on the Old Soil,) she foresaw the sure guarantee of true matronly dignity and desert. The young officer had ever loved his sweet cousin as a sister—but her whole person and manner were totally opposite to his romantic and prepossessed conception of female grace and beauty. There was nothing grand—nothing ideal about her; she was the simple Virginia of St. Pierre's romance; he sought a Corinne, to dazzle and enslave by the brilliancy of inward as well as exterior gifts. This longing after supernal excellence had met with nothing of correspondent perfection till that fated hour, when the daughter of the Prince da Verdonaldi flashed, like a fairy queen, across his path: from that hour, her image had shown on his soul, as

"The morning-star of memory."

and increased his distaste to the plain yet gentle and lovely country girl, to whom public report, and the strong but secret purpose of his mother, had already betrothed him. As, however, his fond and idolatrous remembrance of the matchless Roman maid decayed under the absence of all hope or further knowledge of her, the indirect, though powerful influence of Mrs. Melven, operated naturally and insensibly on his mind, in swaying it towards one whose modest beauty and virtues he could not deny—and who loved him with that depth of diffident devotion so captivating to the selfish but fastidious vanity of such a man. Thus, though he had never openly addressed Miss Aylett—though no word or bond of affiance had gone between them—their implied engagement began to be felt by the parties themselves; and while certainly in no hurry for the concluding ceremony, Theodore found himself perfectly content under the tacit contract so agreeable to his venerated parent and all their friends. It was with the intention of presenting the picture as a final pledge to his amiable relative, that he went to bespeak it of the fair di Franzoni: that interview overturned the airy dreams and settled plans of years. His Roman divinity had, at last, reappeared to the unexpectant but enthusiast votary, and the prostrate altar was raised—the dying flame relumed. The long dormant spell resumed its omnipotent rule; and all that had intervened of other times and things, was discarded in disdain as an idle and unworthy fantasy. In the tumult of contrary sensations, that disturbed the mind of Theodore, there was none paramount or defined—nothing that he would analyze or understand. Passing by all the equivocal palpitations, all the empassioned fancies, and tender reminiscences, conjured up by the bare sight of that beautiful phantom, curiosity, he persuaded himself, prompted his anxiety to see more of her—and to learn the cause of that wonderful vicissitude so favorable, yet in some respects so humiliating to his incipient passion. It was curiosity—simple curiosity—that led him at the same early hour, on the next day, to the lowly abode once sought with views and feelings so different—now become to him an enchanted palace, inshrining a peerless queen. He found the signora disengaged, but not alone; for the eternal Monica was at her usual post; a superb edition of Dante lay open before the princely artist—but her eyes were fixed on vacancy; and her countenance and posture those of profound and melancholy musing. When Mr. Melven was announced, one bright smile of welcome, revealing all the glories of that perfect face, shone on him like a momentary glimpse of heaven—and at once their hearts beat in unison, though their tongues still discoursed as strangers. The lieutenant had come, as he tried to believe, expressly to prefer a claim to her acquaintance, and to inquire, as far as he durst venture on so nice a question, into the mystery of her fallen fortunes; and yet no syllable on these topics escaped him during their formal conference. It was limited to the few brief sentences, appointing the periods, &c. of his engagement—and granting the permission, which he craved in tones almost unintelligible, for him to accompany his friend at any intermediate time. This boon obtained, Melven—elate with joy, but awed into an embarrassment that fettered not only his speech but his thought—made his hasty exit. Italia stood, during his short stay, full of calm dignity and apparent unconcern; but when the door closed on her dazzled visiter, the emotion, hardly stifled so long, burst forth in a fit of bitter wailing and weeping, that set at naught all her attendant's affectionate attempts at consolation. That day she was denied to all other company.

The following morning was fixed for Mr. Corbin's first *seance;* Theodore, his head full of rose-colored hopes and ideas, co-incident with infant love, went with him into that magic presence, which reason, reflection, prudence, honor, each should have taught him to fly as from a pestilence. What to the vivacious young midshipman appeared an interminable horror, his enamored friend revelled in as a transient enjoyment of paradise; he gazed and sighed under the delicious and overpowering fascination—and each word of the few breathed by the soft voice of the majestic Italia, enthralled him with a new charm. She never moved her eyes save from the person of her subject to the canvass, whereon she transferred it; not one stray beam travelled in the direction of the fond worshipper, who, as she sat with her face turned on profile from him, feasted at his ease on the inimitable and lovely precision of its outlines. At length, to her relief as well as that of the yawning and restless Henry, the two allotted hours came to a close; and released from durance dull, he thought to indemnify himself by a little desultory chat with the ethereal personage who entertained them. Much to his disappointment, and the delight of his tantalizing companion, who could not himself collect nerve enough to address her, her cold, though polite monosyllables declined any superfluous colloquy, and the young men had nothing left them but to take up their hats and depart.

Day after day thus glided by; never was captivation so instantaneous and complete as Melven's: his mother, Miss Aylett, his duties, his engagement, were all forgotten as things that had never been—a new existence had opened on him—the past and the future were alike surrendered and bound up in the present fatal indulgence. Hitherto his intercourse with her, who to him was still a *princessa*, had been as silent as it was sweet: 'tis true, Henry Corbin, by his frank simplicity, and warm yet respectful devoirs, had won her into a slight degree of sociability; but to his superior she never spoke, save in salutation—and he often found himself unable to reciprocate even that. His turn was [illegible] Italia was compelled to a closer examination, a more careful study of his expression, than she had bestowed on the lineaments of his lively predecessor; but she soon found herself unequal to the continual encounter of looks such as Endymion might have cast, in his reverential ecstacy, on Diana's silver bow, as it hung in the distant heavens. Pleased, yet impatient at this mute but expressive language, the blushing artist, with difficulty made out to get through the first sitting—which she was strongly tempted to shorten—without violating an habitual taciturnity, well nigh as rigid as that prescribed by the rule of La Trappe. But on the morrow, when seated to undergo the same insupportable trial, her patience fairly sunk under it; and she was driven to take refuge in a confused endeavor at conversation. It had been her wont to frown down without mercy a hundred such offenders; and for the first time in her life she wondered at her strange indisposition thus to punish this most inveterate of them all. Within the unstirred depths of that bosom—proud and cold as her usual demeanor declared it—there, nevertheless, dwelt a more than national capacity of fond and energetic attachment—a fund of empassioned feeling, as yet sleeping tranquil as the waters of a sealed fountain, but ready like them to flow forth in a pure, bright stream, at the liberating touch, that brought it into motion. That bosom had been pierced—the fountain sent out its living waters—and the warmth and sensibility of her Italian nature, rendered her but too prone to imbibe the tender sentiments pourtrayed in those ardent eyes now brought in such oppressive vicinity to hers. It was not the graces of Melven's person, or the opulence and dignity of his high estate among us, that swayed Italia into toleration, nay almost approval, of that timid and idolatrous gaze. She had seen, had spoken with him in her own loved and long-lost land; his presence was a perpetual and eloquent reference to all that the past held of hallowed and dear, and like the rays of the sun on Memnon's sympathetic lyre, awoke in "that seeming marble breast," the saddest, potent strains of memory: she was, moreover, charmed with the delicacy which had forborne any allusion to former times, or title to her prior notice, and that still in their casual discourse, observed the same kind discretion. At first their interchange went not beyond a few unconnected sentences—for each felt too intensely to speak with freedom; but the ice once broken, Italia, who, like every woman, comprehended by instinct all the danger, the *distress* of silence, was bent on shunning a relapse into its awful awkwardness; and Theodore, encouraged by the unconscious softness of her manner, and drawing inspiration from those heavenly eyes, unfolded, little by little, his latent powers, and rose as rapidly in her coveted estimation as in his own, by the brilliant display. Even the lofty endowments of his paragon of intellect, no less than of beauty, which had put to shame many a superior scholar abroad, here met and acknowledged their match; or perhaps the dawning partiality of the accomplished *princessa* disarmed her sterner judgment: certain it is, that henceforward she beheld her lover in a new and commanding aspect, doubly engaging to her admiration and esteem. Their talk still ran on her own Italy—its past and imperishable glories, its present depth of misery and degradation—and above all, on that indestructible and "destructive beauty," wherein fond nature has dressed out this, her favorite spot, for her boast, and, alas! its bane. But only before witnesses did their mutual fluency dilate on this inexhaustible theme. If, as sometimes happened, the sentinel Monica, (whom the young officer devoutly cursed in secret, for a dragon keeping watch over the Hesperian fruit,) deserted her post for a moment, the unfinished period died away on the tongue—the patriotic eloquence of Italia and Theodore's animated replies were hushed into instant silence, while she, sinking beneath the earnest intensity of his gaze, would ply her pencil in disordered and fruitless diligence, till the sensations of the woman overcoming the heed of the artist, it fell from her unsteady hand. As these trembling, lilied fingers, touched his in receiving it again, a delicious shiver ran through either frame, and both instinctively receded to their places. Several scenes of this sort had occurred, (for the governante, under the signora's implied leave of absence, gladly stole a respite, now and then, from her tedious duty in the *studio*,) and still they came and they departed, impatiently desired but unimproved by the diffident lover. Repeatedly had he drawn forth the golden memento of their first meeting, designing its restoration to the rightful owner—as often did his heart fail him at the thought of parting for ever with the prize twice-consecrated as her property and his chief solace, and again that precious cross reposed till another time beside that throbbing heart. But all this delay availed not; the fond wish of the lover was compelled, by a strong effort, to yield to the honorable practice incumbent on a gentleman; and Theodore ventured, one bright summer's evening, worthy of that distant climate whose rich softness seemed to color the character of its surpassing daughter, on a deed so daring and unauthorized as to stop at Italia's door. The little black portress admitted him, not into the *studio* but into a *boudoir* redolent of roses and rarities, and seldom invaded by any other foot than the fairy steps of the beautiful painter. At present she was not there; and he stood at the open window, looking down on the garden scenery beneath, bounded only by the dark rolling river. All at once, the softest strains of etherial melody echoed through the apartment; Melven turned at the delightful sound, and saw the exquisite minstrel, bending in graceful negligence over her lute—that ancient and most enchanting of instruments—and singing, "with eyes upraised as one inspired," and countenance glowing with fervid pathos, the Sicilian vesper hymn to the Virgin. The divine voice, the rich accompaniment, the wrapt figure, were those of St. Cecilia, when "she drew an angel down" to listen to her sacred song. It ended—not one word of compliment or comment, not one passing or relative observation, was uttered by the entranced auditor or the lovely lutanist, till a long and mutual sigh relieved the feelings of both. Italia dropt her lute, and folded her hands on her heart, as if to repress the emotion struggling to break forth. Still her thoughts and looks, though sad, were serene as the resplendent west on which she fixed them in pensive contemplation. The hour, the stillness and seclusion of the scene, emboldened the timid idolater; he drew near the syren who had bewitched him out of himself—he was close beside her—his hand lay undisturbed on that fair arm—her face was turned away—and with a desperate decision, he disengaged the cherished chain from his bosom, and threw it over the snowy neck that it had formerly encircled. The sudden action startled the tremulous Italia; the cross was raised, was recognized—and she fell into a passion of tears, that swept away, in their crystal flood, all reflection and self-command from her lover. He supported—he consoled—he caressed—and the declaration and acceptance of his empassioned adoration, were breathed forth in burning sighs and broken murmurs, amid soothings and ecstatic sorrow. In the triumph of that proud moment to him—the blissful confusion with which it overpowered her—the large drops were kissed from those starry eyes; and their hearts, their hopes, and their thoughts, blended inseparably and for ever. Italia, in the full confidence of her noble nature—for she dreamed not of promise or compact as part of love's sweet and holy bonds—received her lover without restriction or reserve; and while wandering together about the elegant pleasure-grounds of the Haymarket, or the romantic environs of the town, narrated at large the melancholy history, which we abridge as follows.

Italia da Verdonaldi was a Neapolitan by birth, though her father held title and estates of prince in the dominions of the Church. He had, also, extensive possessions in the adjoining southern kingdom, in right of his wife, a lady distinguished for personal attractions, but of grave temper and retiring manners; who had been taken from the convent, where she had been reared—and within whose walls she would fain have continued as a votaress of the order—to be united to a man towards whom her predominant feeling was disgust. The union proved to her a source of unhappiness and bitter regret, that occasioned her to look back towards the sacred asylum she had left, as our first parents did on their forfeited Paradise; and not being herself suffered to enjoy what she deemed the glorious beatitude of such a lot, she resolved at all events to secure it for her only daughter—the sweet Italia. In spite of the singular talent and loveliness of the child, she kept her word—for society, [illegible] attempts to educate her mind the inevitable doom that decreed her to a cloister. A sudden and violent illness, terminated, in its prime, the life of the *Princessa* da Verdonaldi: with her last breath, she summoned the young Italia to her couch, hung round her neck, by a chain of her own hair, a golden cross blessed by the holy father himself—and made her swear on the doubly sanctified emblem, to profess herself at the proper age. On that condition—and that alone—did she bless the pure creature whom she thus strove to immolate, and died rejoicing in the thought of her success. Italia's precocious memory was deeply impressed by this solemn scene, and the crucifix then bestowed, and always worn by the "little nun," was regarded by her with a sort of holy horror, as its awful memorial, rather than with the tender complacence befitting a mother's last gift. But the father—vain, worldly, and literary—soon perverted his daughter from her pious destination. He devoutly doated on this fair child, who, reversing the ordinary attachment of girls, repaid his love with interest; while towards her mother, whose melancholy turn, religious exercises, and imposition of long, ceremonial tasks and penances, acted as repellants on Italia's lively affections, she was much less warmly disposed. Hence the prince would have experienced little trouble in moulding her to any purpose, had not his lady's terrific denunciations and dying looks interposed an awful barrier between her daughter and the world. Of course, the father finally prevailed, and his charming and cherished child became, under his tutelage, the pride and wonder of her native land. The famous Cecilia was scarce more deified and caressed—and her idolizing father reaped a full harvest of triumph and delight wherever she appeared. Still, amid "the fickle breath of popular applause," the incense of exalted admiration, the voices of noble lovers mixing with the praise and benedictions of the wise and good, Italia never totally forgot the fearful promise pronounced beside her mother's death-bed. It recurred with every touch of the testimonial crucifix, suspended, in spite of her father's abhorrence of its sight, about her marble neck; and in solitude, or moments of deeply excited feeling, the angry spectre of her deceased parent seemed to rise before her, and denounce her disobedient apostacy. The prince strove to eradicate her superstitious remembrance of that extorted self-dedication, by argument, by ridicule, and by entreaty. He immersed her in gaiety, and surrounded her with the delights of art and the appliances of luxury; she was hurried from villa to villa, from one city to another, with a view to the finest and most expensive cultivation of her favourite tastes; and as soon as her age justified the application, the prince proceeded to pacify her conscientious scruples by addressing himself to the Pope for his daughter's release from her compulsory vow. After a great exertion of his interest at the Papal Court, the absolving dispensation was granted to the young *princessa*, and the end of the anxious parent appeared to be happily attained. Italia ceased to consider herself as a devoted sacrifice, "to be for aye in shady cloister view'd," or as under the ban of heaven and the posthumous wrath of a mother; her mind no longer dwelling on this one engrossing solicitude, turned to its natural and dear delight, the world—and she wore her crown of the almost regal honors there, heaped upon her with an air that bespoke her born to receive them. The prince had no son to succeed him in his rank, his dominions, and his ancient name; it was, therefore, doubly important that the bright beauty who heired them all, should wed early as splendidly. Italia, devoted less to pleasure than to study—and above all to the pursuit of perfection in the creations of her plastic pencil—gave little thought to the subject, primary as it is with the generality of her sex, and suffered her father to manage the matter pretty much his own way. Meanwhile the Castello da Verdonaldi became renowned as a second Belmonte, and the fair Roman had dismissed well nigh as many suitors as sped "on the four winds of heaven" to woo the peerless Portia: still the happy man was unselected by the prince, who, unhappily, began about this time to dabble in politics, and as unhappily attached himself to the party of king Joachim Murat, who had continued to propitiate his vanity by a high appointment in the royal household. His intrigues, foiled as they were by the fall and execution of that ill-fated monarch, still went on, and even extended into the neighboring principality, where his chief possessions lay; they were discovered and strictly scanned by the predominant Bourbons, reported to the jealous Pontiff, and he was, in consequence, a marked man. The reign of priestcraft and persecution revived in Naples, with the restored race; da Verdonaldi's opposition to his daughter's embracing a monastic life—his successful efforts to detach her from the holy vocation to which her "lady-mother" had allotted her, were eagerly seized upon by his enemies, and distorted into aggravated impiety and contempt of the indisputable rights and usages of the church. The clergy, who cherished a grudge against him on this account—such of the courtiers as aspired to share the spoils of his offices and estates—the several relatives, who, deeming Italia "a thing inskied and sainted," already begun to compare claims to her succession—all combined for the ruin of the father, who, out of love to his own child, had presumed to prefer her happiness to their aggrandizement; and thereby, unwittingly deranged many a shrewd and confident calculator. Some faithful friends gave the unsuspicious prince warning of the formidable cabal; but he, as well as they, forewent the vain attempt to make head against it; the populace was up—the tremendous cry of sacrilege about to be raised—and da Verdonaldi hastily fled from the storm, under pretence of taking his daughter on a long talked of journey to Florence. While there, he employed himself in devising means to concentrate his funds, in the design to withdraw not only from Italy, but from Europe. In order to this, the memorable visit was paid to the American frigate at Leghorn; and his disappointment at finding that months would elapse ere she was homeward bound, occasioned the sudden seizure that overcame him on board, as well as their precipitate departure from Tuscany. The fugitives, (such they actually were,) proceeded thence to Genoa, trying to keep up an incognito, as vain as it was desirable; and as the most vexatious difficulties multiplied in the pecuniary arrangements of his agents at Naples and Rome, the prince, impatient to expedite his affairs, and tempted by deceitful appearances that the ferment against him had subsided into a dead calm, ventured on the imprudence of revisiting the former city, in a disguise which he flattered himself was impenetrable. He was informed against, arrested, and thrown into prison, whence he had the miraculous fortune to make his escape after several months' detention; and being joined by his daughter and the trusty Monica they all took passage in an English vessel that brought them to our shores. His immense property had been confiscated—sentence of capital punishment all but issued against him—and the once proud and palmy prince da Verdonaldi found himself in a strange and heretic land, his health irrevocably gone, without money, and almost destitute of friends. To most of these he shrunk from making himself known; and after lingering for some time in great poverty at New York, he sunk under his accumulated sufferings in mind and body, leaving his peerless daughter—the worshipped star of Italy—pennyless and helpless, save in her own resources, and a pious trust in heaven. But the high spirit, the lofty soul of the truly noble Italia, rose towering over ruin, and looked down "in unblenched majesty" on the dark and weary path before her. As soon as the first shock of her irreparable loss had a little passed over, she prepared to follow the advice of her few acquaintances who presumed to offer it to one so imposing in character, and the dictates of her coinciding reason, by doing what she had thus long forborne from only in obedience to the peremptory orders of the beggared but still haughty grandee. The bereaved girl immediately wrote to the Archbishop of Baltimore, with whom her father had carried on some previous correspondence, for his certificate, not of her illustrious birth and decayed fortunes, but of her rare excellence as an artist, of which his church held proof in a magnificent altar-piece, presented by her; and being thus furnished with credentials introductory and recommendatory, she began her professional career under the assumed name of di Franzoni. Proud as was this miracle of Roman maidens, her pride was of that sublime kind, which has been esteemed the greatest strengthener of the virtues; she felt neither shame nor sacrifice in putting to their best and most exalting use, the transcendant [illegible] pastime and her passion [illegible] enced the fond, though false delicacy, that led the indignant prince to frown on what he deemed such profane prostitution of the talents in which he was so wont to glory, as to be careful not to connect the august name of her family with the public advertisement of her laudable undertaking. With a generous self-devotion, not unworthy the Grecian daughter, she resolved to know no pause or respite in her labors till a sacred duty was accomplished, and her father's idolized memory no longer obnoxious to reproach on account of the heavy debts incurred for the indispensable comforts afforded to his last days. Here was the mighty triumph of her moral and mental heroism—this the loftiest trophy, adorning the escutcheon of her princely house—that its gifted heiress—the beautiful, the brilliant, the adored, in the full glow of youth and womanhood—persisted in toiling, day and night, amid grief and indigence, and a subordinate sequestration from her own high sphere, in order to satisfy the demands of justice and honesty, and to shun the real disgrace attendant on a slothful dependence. Her virtuous exertions were richly remunerated; the profits of her pencil speedily enabled her to pay off their numerous creditors, and to anticipate a handsome competence for herself and her poor foster-mother. Once habituated to the publicity inseparable from her peculiar calling, the forlorn *princessa* began to find it a relief from the agony of thought, and an incitement to the stagnant energies of a mind well nigh stupified by sorrow. On her first awakening to life and recollection, how many a backward look did she cast on her own far distant country! But no cheering ray of hope or tender sympathy shone to lure her thither. Of her few near connexions, some had perished in popular commotion, or by a violent, though legal death—while the survivors either shuddered, in the blind zeal of pitiless bigotry, at any communion with a recreant novice, still bound, as they affirmed, to fulfil her partial, votive disfranchisement, or made their relationship a plea for appropriating such portion as they could secure of the da Verdonaldi appurtenances. In that land, where all once bent before the sceptre of her beauty and her wit, nothing now awaited her save a cold insulting pity, the servile surrender of her inherent rights, or an enforced resumption of her childish and abjured vow. 'Tis true, that vow, though cancelled with the approbation of the infallible head of the Catholic Church, had never been fully annulled by Italia's uneasy conscience. The attesting cross of gold was gone, she scarce knew how or where; and from the hour of its regretted loss, an evil change seemed to come over her destiny. Often and deeply did she ponder on the propriety, or rather the fatality of her taking sanctuary in some conventual asylum, and thereby appeasing the angry spirit that had so cruelly punished her inadvertent violation of her mother's dying commands. This idea of penitential atonement was never relinquished, though delayed at Monica's earnest dissuasions that she would do nothing rash: that humble but devoted friend was possessed of the full map of her young lady's superior mind; she was well aware that the radiant *princessa* enjoyed as much as she graced a select society—that she was formed for the world, and not for a dull community of devotees—and that, though in the profound gloom and stupefaction consequent to her present overwhelming circumstances, all thought of the future, and each lighter and livelier association were merged and apparently annihilated, still the renascent gaiety of youth and nature would revive with the genial influence of time, and any irretrievable step taken from the impulse of hasty despair, but deepens and confirms that fatal sway for ever. Besides, the apprehensive attendant had long perceived the horrid possibility of a doom overtaking her darling, more dreadful than even a permanent death. She comprehended how the morbid sensibilities of that too sentient nature, brooding incessantly over the calamitous train of events which had made her an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth, might be worked up into frenzy, and ultimately depose reason itself; and that this probable catastrophe would be greatly accelerated, by the depressing monotony of a detested religious retirement. Moved by this vague, yet not groundless fear, the old woman judiciously encouraged the drooping Italia, by every thrilling conjuration, to persevere in her

heroic course; and had the ineffable happiness to observe her growing daily more reconciled to the strange part she was forced to play, in the grand drama called life. Her successive engagements allowed her but little time to dwell on remembrances, that harrowed up her very soul; and potent enough, unless at once repressed, to reduce the mind to a worse than mental chaos. But the constant occupation of the celebrated artist, hindered such disastrous reflection, and created a counter-acting current of thought as beneficial as it was engrossing. Thus had she passed through the cities, intervening between New York, the scene of her first essay, and Richmond. Every where courted and every where caressed, the Signora di Franzoni, (to use her present appellative,) while gradually regaining a healthful state of mind, met with nothing to call her intense feeling into immediate action: it still hung, therefore, on the reminiscences of her earlier and happier days, and it was by a strong and direct appeal to these, that an impression was, at length, made on the nicest susceptibilities of her vacant heart. Melven, seen and remembered as conspicuous among the officers, who, as Americans and republicans, had particularly attracted her regards, now fixed the attention which before he had only shared. Once known and conversed with, his merits could hardly fail to be appreciated by a discriminating taste: and Italia, though a beauty and a princess, was still but a woman. There was something so touching, so refined, so grateful to female vanity, in the excess of his deep but worldless adoration, that she could not bring herself to chide or bend that angelic brow in anger on one guilty only of loving, how humbly and how well. The mute persuasion of that earnest avowal might, however, have been all thrown away on the object of his dotage, but for the little incident that first brought them into contact on the deck of the Yankee frigate. The divine da Verdonaldi had been then struck with the person of her eager assistant, as possessing vastly the air of *un heros de roman*—and her observation of him, at each subsequent interview, corroborated that rapid glance. And when the graces of a highly cultivated understanding disclosed themselves in aid of this favorable admission, and both were sustained by his intimacy with the literature and localities of her lost and ever lamented Italy, and hallowed by their only brief but close encounter there, no wonder that the proud yet tender bosom of the solitary girl was insensibly surprised into a return of his ardent affection, and the triumphant Theodore thereby rendered supremely blest. With each hour increased the ecstacies of "love's young dream," as a nearer view made him fully conscious of all the perfections embellishing his glorious conquest: then as in the bright calm of a leisure evening, or

"Beneath mild Cynthia's soft, consenting ray,"

the lovers roved together abroad, or among the flowery thickets of the garden walks, while the cool breezes came wantoning from the river, and wafting the perfumes around, and no sound disturbed the serenity of night save the faint and melodious roar of the swift waters as they dashed over the falls, the pure and passionate soul of Italia, filled with an attachment as delicate as it was warm, longing to overflow in delicious confession, yet shy of overstepping the dear and habitual reserve of a vestal timidity, shone imaged forth in that blushing face, and in those expressive eyes, "black as midnight, yet bright as noontide ray."

(To be concluded next week.)

As Messrs. Webster and Ewing were wending their way to Circleville, when about seven miles from the town, their passage was intercepted by a tree, which had recently fallen across the road, and which an honest yeoman was leisurely cutting out. They surveyed the premises, to see how the difficulty might be overcome. Our knight of the axe, not knowing either of the distinguished Senators, congratulated himself on the timely arrival of two such hale and able bodied men to his assistance; and very frankly advised them, as the best of means escaping the difficulty, to get down from their carriage, and aid him in the removal of the obstruction. Pleased with the republican plainness of the suggestion, and finding the man's strength inadequate to the task in hand, they followed his advice. Mr. Ewing first took the axe, and wielded it with effect as he does his arguments in the Senate and at the Bar. He was relieved by Mr. Webster, who was less familiar with chopping logs from the road, than with removing the obstruction of chop-logic from the wheels of government. His efforts were so labored and ineffectual, as to attract the notice of the woodsman, who declared to him, "you are not doing your best now, sir? you must be *playing the possum!*—You don't bend your back enough, sir." The tree cut off and the way cleared, our travellers resumed their journey—and left the countryman blessing his stars that they had been directed that way (which was off the main road,) at that propitious hour.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Great St. Bernard.—The Hospice of St. Bernard, occupies the most elevated practicable pass of the Alps. A brotherhood of Monks has long been established there, whose hospitality and benevolence have won the [illegible] only supply of fuel which has been brought to this region of eternal snow, has been painfully transported by mules from a considerable distance below. From an interesting article in the New York American, it appears, that in the year 1830, a traveller from that city, who took refuge from a storm in this mansion, discovered an inferior species of anthracite among the mineral productions of an adjoining height, and caused a grate to be erected for the purpose of using it, not, however, with great success. On his return, he transmitted plans and models, and was enabled by the liberality of a few to whom the story was told, to forward one of Dr. Nott's stoves to the Hospice. Letters have since been received, announcing its arrival, and stating that it has been put into operation with entire success. The gratitude of the brotherhood to their American friends, is expressed in very animated terms.

Stucco for Walls.—In Italy great use is made of a stucco which gives to walls the brilliancy, the cleanliness, and almost the hardness of marble. It may be variously coloured, to suit the taste of the employer. This stucco is made very easily, by mixing lime and pulverized marble, in nearly equal proportions, according to the meagerness or richness of the marble. A paste or mortar is made of this mixture, and applied to the wall in the thickness of a five frank piece, with a trowel wet with soap suds, and in such a way that the whole of the wall may be finished in the same day. None but mineral colours should be mixed with the stucco, as the lime would destroy those derived from the vegetable kingdom. To obtain the greatest brilliancy, the mortar should be applied with a cold trowel. Workmen, for the sake of ease and expedition, usually employ it warm. Chips and fragments of marble may be advantageously employed for this purpose. In cases where the appearance of a marble wall would be objectionable on account of its coldness, any portion of it may be covered with paper.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A Slave Holiday in Demerara.—Everywhere as we passed through the different groups in the garden, the white teeth were displayed to a [illegible] and "How do, massa? Ready for dance, massa!" The piccaninnies, black and mischievous as monkeys, were "scurrying" about, running between their parents' legs, and tumbling one another head over heels on the grass. At last a drum is heard in the gallery, and the negroes take possession of the house: two or three musicians then seat themselves in chairs, and with fiddle, tambourine and drum, strike up some lively jigs, at the same time thumping the floor vigorously with their heels. Every one is alive; short cries of mirth are uttered by the men as they hand out their sable partners; and they lead one another up and down the lane of the country dance, with as much enjoyment as I ever witnessed at a Highland wedding. The little black urchins, boys and girls, are not idle round the room, whilst their parents are "tripping it" in the centre, but copying their elders, they "cut and shuffle" at a great rate; the mothers, with children at their breast alone quietly enjoy the scene. * * * * Outside the house, in the moonlight, a musician seated himself with his drum on the grass, and commenced singing an African air, when a circle of men and women, linked hand in hand, danced round him with rattling seeds on their legs, and joined in the chorus. Oh! how I wished that some of the kind ladies of Peckham could have contemplated, for five minutes, this scene of mirth!—could have beheld what they are pleased to call "the naked, starved, oppressed negroes," well clothed, plump, and full of glee: instead of shrieks of misery, could have heard shouts of laughter; and instead of the clang of the whip, could have heard the lively music of the fiddles and the gladsome songs of the creole dancers.—*Alexander's Sketches, &c.*

An Excuse for the Glass.—Jack Kane, the actor, had a little horse, called Shelty, which he put up to be raffled for. The terms were, that the setters-up and the winner should give a dinner and a dozen of claret. Shelty was won, and the terms complied with, which made a very merry day. The winner immediately set him up again; and thus, by the continuance of the same terms, *another* merry day was made. Again and again was the same process repeated; in short, it went on through the whole play-acting season, so that Shelty was constantly set up, raffled for, and won. Strange to say, however, no one ever saw the little horse subsequently to the first setting up; for either he was sold, or taken to some distant place, or perhaps he died months before the end of the raffling. However that may be, both setter-up and winner, with hearty good will, kept to the original terms; and the jolly set went on rattling the dice-box, and throwing their *cinque* and *quatre* for Shelty, without more inquiry. Nobody ever asked what stable or pasture Shelty was in, at the time.—The only cry of these *bon-vivants* was—Come, now for a throw for Shelty!

Rebecca at the Steak.—A singular prosecution for robbery lately took place at a country town, in England. A girl by the name of Rebecca Nun was prosecuted by a reforming butcher, for robbing him of a *Beef-steak*, valued at one shilling. Pending the affair, the amorous butcher offered to withdraw the suit if she would accept *his suit*. A butcher or Botany Bay—grease or plants. She accepted the former, and went to the altar, gaily singing, "*I won't be a Nun.*"

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, July 20.

Warning to Parents.—Mr. Francis Johnson, lost a fine child on Monday, (July 15,) aged 18 months, in the following way—his wife, on the evening before, gave a few drops of laudanum to the child; in the morning she left the child in care of a young woman and a boy of nine years of age; the young woman fed the child and gave it to the boy to hold while she attended to her work. She came in and found the child asleep in the arms of the boy, took the child and put it in the cradle. The father and mother soon returned home, was told the child was well and asleep; some time after the mother heard the child make a strange noise, went to the cradle and found it was ill. Dr. Moor was sent for, who came, and it was soon discovered that the child was under the effects of laudanum. On interrogating the boy he said he had given two teaspoons full of laudanum. The child died in about twenty two hours after it was given.—*U. S. Gaz.*

It has been mentioned to us, that during the investigation of the jury, in the above case, it appeared satisfactorily, that the boy administered the laudanum, not with any wicked intention, but simply to make the child sleep. The jury made a recommendation to the Coroner that the boy be sent to the House of Refuge.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

On Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, as two young gentlemen were riding in a gig through Fourth street, the horse took fright at a heap of lime lying above Poplar lane, and starting off, upset the gig, which was dashed to pieces. One of the young men had his head badly fractured, and the other his leg so seriously broken, as to require amputation, which was performed by a neighboring surgeon.

The Fourth of July appears, from the accounts which have reached us, to have been attended with a full share of the disasters common on that occasion, and when the general collection is made, will in this respect equal that of any of the preceding anniversaries. To say nothing of broken limbs and dislocated joints, and various other bodily injuries, more or less serious in their nature and degree, we presume there have not been less upon an average, than eight or ten deaths annually, occasioned by the celebration of independence.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Wyoming Monument, was performed at Wilkesbarre, on the 3d inst. that day being the 55th anniversary of the Wyoming Massacre. The remains of those who fell in battle, on that bloody day, were collected, and deposited in a large pit. After the stone was laid, an eloquent address, suited to the occasion, was delivered, by Chester Butler, Esq. member of the Legislature for Luzerne county. Judge Scott also addressed the assemblage. Several of the heroes who took part in battle, were present to witness the imposing ceremonies.—*Phile. Gaz.*

Despatched from Mauch Chunk for the week ending 7th month, 12th—

101 boats, carrying	- -	4,076 tons.
841 boats, (last report)	- -	38,329 tons.
942 boats, total	- - -	42,405 tons.

A few days since we noticed the publication, by Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, of Godolphin. The following notice, taken from the Albion, would indicate that there is some mystery connected with its publication in London.

"Since the days of Junius, no publication has excited such keen, and in some instances, painful curiosity, as the lately published tale of 'Godolphin.' The writer, let him take what measures he may for concealment, cannot fail to be soon discovered. The whole aristocracy, male and female, are concerned in bringing to light one who has aimed at them so palpable a hit which they feel in proportion to the manifest power of the unknown inflictor, and to the intimate knowledge he evidently possesses of their secret proceedings. It has, indeed, been surmised that, severe as is his book on our living patricians, the novelist is himself one of them! Though the actual writer may flatter himself that his disguise will be as impenetrable as that of the author of Junius; he will, there is reason to think, from the measures now taken, be probably detected ere many weeks have elapsed.—*The Albion.*

The great distress which exists in England is deeply felt in every section of the country, and a feeling of evident indifference directs the minds of those from whom a remedy for the nation's sufferings should proceed. This distress, however, seems to be felt with an unproportioned severity in Portsmouth, as the following extract will sufficiently testify:—

Extract of a Letter, dated Portsmouth, England, 20th May, 1833, to a friend in this city.

"England is indeed in a wretched state and Portsmouth most distressingly so. I will leave to judge for yourself, merely informing you, in this town, there are upwards of one thousand untenanted houses, and that I have at this time ten vacant, which I assure you I feel very sensibly."

At the September Court, held at Allentown, Pa. in 1830, a John Rush was convicted of an assault on a young girl, with intent to kill, and sentenced to three years imprisonment. By the clemency of the Executive, he was liberated before the expiration of that period; but on Monday, the 8th inst. he again appeared on the theatre of his former offence, and was heard to utter threats against the girl's safety. He was committed to jail, however, on Tuesday morning.

[illegible] of England render it unnecessary to burn any other fuel in any of the large towns throughout that country. The quantity conveyed to London alone, in the year 1832, was 2,139,078 tons, which, taking the ships at an average of 300 tons each, must have made about 7130 ship-loads. This trade is the nursery of British seamen, who enter on board these vessels at an early age, as apprentices, of which each collier has so many, that while yet in their youthhood, they are experienced navigators, and many of the officers are much under age.

A machine has been invented in Cincinnati for cutting wheat, or any other small grain, by horse power. It is stated that it will, when propelled by two horses, cut as fast as eight persons can bind. A fair trial has been made of it, in the presence of several members of the agricultural society of Hamilton county. It met their fullest approbation, and the editor of the Cincinnati Advertiser, who has seen the machine, expresses the opinion that it may be applied to cutting grass also.

The Salem, Mass. Gazette, of the 9th inst. says that the cold weather which had *thus far* prevailed through New England, was the consequence of immense bodies of ice floating from the Arctic regions in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the Atlantic Ocean. It then proceeds to say that "the north and east winds have been peculiarly cold and chilling, up to a recent period, and it is evident some unusual causes have operated to suspend the natural warmth of the season. Immense icebergs have been seen by ships floating in the gulf of St. Lawrence, and some disastrous calamities have occurred among them. Icebergs of any considerable dimensions are rarely met with so far south of Newfoundland at this advanced season of the year."

Francis Riley, a hod carrier, employed at a new building in New York, in descending the ladder on Wednesday, when at the fourth story, slipped and fell to the ground. One of his thighs was broken, and he was supposed to be otherwise seriously wounded. The force of his fall was somewhat broken by a portion of his weight striking upon a man standing where he fell, who was also slightly injured.

The last number of the Courtland (Alabama) Herald contains an elaborate description of that town and vicinity, from which we make the following brilliant extract: "The pearly mountain stream, Big Nance, rapidly flows and encircles the town on two sides, the margins and commons of which afford the finest rural retreats imaginable amidst a thousand flowrets gay and songs of sporting birds arrayed in plumage fine as rainbow's tints."

Nearly two hundred persons lately convened at Searsmont, Me. for the purpose of finding the bones of an old bachelor who mysteriously disappeared about four years ago, with his pantaloons and all his money, after having been published to a young lady. It appears that the bachelor recently appeared to a man who had never been acquainted with him, and told him, that he was murdered and robbed, and that his pantaloons might be found in a swamp, which, on search, are said to be found.

A few days since, as a Mr. Voorhees was watching a deer lick in Wells township, Bradford county, Pa. he was so teazed by the gnats, while standing in the blind, that he was obliged to use a handful of brakes to keep them away. In this act, the sleeve of his shirt was exposed, and mistaken for the tail of a deer, by a Mr. Prutsman, who had gone out on the same intention as Mr. Voorhees. He fired, and wounded Mr. V. severely: the ball entering his side, and lodging, it is supposed, in his back. No hopes were entertained of his recovery; but no blame is attached to Mr. Prutsman, as the unfortunate affair was purely the effect of accident.

The New Orleans Bulletin states that great artifice, seduction, and treachery, marked the late insurrection of some regiments in the Mexican army. Escalada begins revolt at Morelia; he is seconded by Gen. Duran; and baser than all, Arista infects Santa Anna's division with treason, and makes the President a prisoner in his own camp; conveys him to Huantepec and issues proclamations in his name to abolish the republic. The Vice President was active in raising forces to subdue the rebels; and, as a junction has been formed of the levies of Mexico (city) with the troops from Puebla, little doubt remains that General Santa Anna has extirpated the insurgents, root and branch.

The following toasts were given at the Webster dinner in Cincinnati:—

By General King. *Domestic Manufactures*—Our Guest is an illustrious specimen; *without protection*, we can boldly offer him, in competition with Europe.

By E. S. Thomas. Our distinguished fellow citizen, the Hon. John McLean—Though absent, he lives in our memories, and has an abiding place in our affections.

By Paul Anderson. The Louisville and Portland Canal—The only obstruction to "*Uncle Sam*" in a 10,000 miles *inland* navigation. Let us have a free ticket, so long as the Union is ours.

Epitome of the Times.

A interesting child of Mr. George Simpson of the Northern Liberties, aged about three years was drowned in a lime vat in his yard, on Saturday afternoon; the little prattler was seen but a few minutes before by one of the workmen, and had not been absent from its nurse more than an hour when it was found. Dr. J. Uhler was called in, but too late to effect any good.

Daniel M'Kinsey was drowned in the Schuylkill, at Manayunk, on Sunday afternoon, while bathing.

The Board of Commissioners of the Girard Estate, had before them, on Tuesday, a statement of accounts, the aggregate of which was $6,319,164 48.

On Saturday last, Mary Anne Garrison poisoned herself by taking laudanum. It is supposed that the deed was committed under the effects of liquor, as she was an intemperate woman.

It may be safely said that more books have been published in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, within the last three months, than in the whole United States within any preceding quarter.

Long Parsnips.—"In Missouri," said a traveller on his return to the land of steady habits, "they have no parsnips; they frequently plant them, but they strike so deep, that the people who live on the opposite side of the globe, lay hold of the roots and pull them through, so that the crop is lost."

The Richmond Whig has fired a gun to leeward and hauls out of action. It says, "we wish it to be understood, as we have already declared, that we have renounced partizanship forever; a resolution which, if it please Heaven, we will never depart from."

The Hon. Edward Everett, in a letter published in a late number of the Yeoman's Gazette, takes a stand in favour of political anti-masonry.

London now measures seven and a half miles in length from east to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than eighteen miles square.

The recent marriage of Aaron Burr, has excited various and wondering speculations. The bride is represented to be no less than "three score and ten years of age—French, rich, and attractive."

As it should be.—One Joseph Matthews, "down east," who advertised his spouse in "due form of law," was induced to publish the following:—"Whereas, my wife Irena, like Noah's Dove, has returned to my bed, and behaves as a pleasant wife—this is, therefore, to revoke my former advertisement."

Abel Shawk, of Cincinnati, has invented a lock and patented it. He offers $100 to any person who will pick or open it with a false key.

A man named Mullony was murdered at New Orleans, on the night of the 1st. inst. A sailor, charged with the crime, had been arrested.

Mr. W. H. Milton, of Boston, has presented President Jackson with a new suit of black clothes, from the cloth manufactured by the Northampton Manufacturing Company, as a specimen of New England skill and industry.

It is stated in agricultural periodicals, that stacking grain around a green pole of Sassafras, will effectually prevent any injury from the Weavil. The experiment has been tried in numerous instances, and in all cases, the result has been satisfactory.

The whole amount of coal shipped from the neighborhood of Pottsville during the present season was, up to Saturday last, 111,577 tons.

Ex-President Adams has been brought forward for the office of governor of Massachusetts.

Gov. Cass, Secretary at War, arrived at Montreal on the 9th inst. and proceeded on the same evening to Quebec.

Flaming handbills are stuck up, about our streets, offering to teach fifty two (!) branches of education in a year, at thirty-eight cents each branch. We saw one, under which some wag had written, "Them as larns manners, two pence more."—*N. Y. Gaz.*

There is a Rail Road in full use between Albany and Saratoga—distance 30 miles—which is travelled in less than two hours, by locomotives.

There are said to be at least 1000 visitors, now at the Springs at Saratoga. The opinion prevails that the Spa waters are a preventive of the Cholera.

A new born infant was fished up at the end of one of the wharves of New York, some time since, with a fish hook and line, by a man who was fishing. It was rolled up in a diaper, with a heavy stone attached thereto. On the diaper was written "C. Norwood, June 28, 1828."

A fire broke out on Thursday morning, in a two story brick building, in Broome street, New York, occupied by Mr. Geo. Bruce as a bakery, which was entirely consumed with all the stock. The houses adjoining, on either side, were also much injured. Mr. Bruce's loss is estimated at $1000, of which a part is covered by insurance.

The decease of Francis G. Yancey, Esq. Senior editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer, is announced in that paper of the 12th inst. He died on the 5th inst., from an attack of apoplexy and paralysis. Mr. Yancey was a worthy and estimable citizen, and his death is deeply regretted.

Two men, named John Carney and Patrick Doyle, engaged in blasting rocks at Mauch Chunk, were, on Friday last, severely injured by the premature explosion of a blast which they were preparing. Hopes are entertained of their recovery.

Nathaniel Hunt, who, as we mentioned on Saturday last, was shot at near Savannah, (Geo.) by Benj. Brantley, and whom he, Hunt, afterwards killed with a knife [illegible] gedy, in which the lives of two persons have been sacrificed to unrestrained passions.

Infamous.—The Providence Gazette states that the Rev. E. K. Avery was hanged, burned and shot in effigy, in the village of Fall River, on the 4th of July, and that in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, he was hanged and afterwards given to the dogs. We may expect to hear next that he has been murdered.

New Jersey.—The Newark Advertiser states that the Trenton Temperance Society, numbers 386, having added 176 during the past year. According to the lowest estimates, the consumption of ardent spirits has decreased one half. Three of the largest trading houses have abandoned the traffic in it.

A New Orleans paper states that Gen. Bustamente, the late Vice President of Mexico, had become insane, and was confined in a hospital.

Col. Thayer has arrived in Boston from West Point; he comes to direct the construction of the fortifications for the defence of that harbor, involving an expenditure of rising $1,200,000.

A spinster, named Nancy Thorpe, aged about forty years, hung herself in Richmond, Clinton county, (Ohio,) on the 25th ult. Her motive for committing the act, is unknown: but it is suggested, from what could be gathered in relation to the affair, that dissatisfaction with the country, was the main inducement to the perpetration of the deed.

The ship Triton, Capt. Morrill, which arrived at Boston from the Cape of Good Hope, has on board two lions, two hyenas, four jackalls, five zebras, three hedge hogs, two large monkeys, three ostriches, two eagles, and several other animals.

The Norfolk Beacon states that the crew of the Delaware 74, (800 men) are on the spot, and that after taking in her provisions and stores, she will be ready to proceed to New York. She is destined for the Mediterranean.

The Lancaster Journal thinks there will be a deficiency of one-fourth in the wheat crop this season.

The total exports of cotton from Mobile, the present season, are 128,333 bales.

Clouds of locusts have lately made their appearance in Arkansas. In the forests their course is marked by the wilted and sallow leaves of the young and tender branches which have been perforated by them for the deposit of their eggs.

A cow, belonging to Mr. Horner, of Rowley, died last week in consequence of eating withered cherry tree leaves.

A man named James Clark, formerly a sea Captain, about sixty years of age, was found, a few days since, buried waist deep in a swamp near Rochester, N. H. When he left home he was partially deranged. Appearances near the body, betokened that the deceased had made great exertions to save his life.

The oldest vessel owned on the Chesapeake is the schooner Holden. She has been thirty-nine years in existence, and is now so sound in her frame that she is about to undergo repairs for the carriage of freight the ensuing autumn.

A grand bull-fight was given at Havana, on the 24th of June, for the benefit of orphans who lost their parents by the Cholera. Seven bulls were turned out for slaughter, and the *picadores* and *matadores* are highly applauded for their courage and dexterity.

Down East.—It is now ascertained that the Great Land Sale, which has created so much surprise in Maine and Massachusetts, was a premeditated hoax!

The Miners' Journal advertises as a runaway from the neighbourhood of Pottsville, a school master. It is a creditable thing to the neighbourhood to have it generally known that "the school master is *abroad*."

A man named *Nelson Chidsey*, was killed on the morning of the 9th inst, in Candor, Owego county N. Y., by the accidental discharge of a gun. In the same neighbourhood, on the same day, a Mr. McIntyre lost his life by the falling of a tree.

A machine has been invented and successfully applied in Ireland, by which the water in green turf is entirely pressed out, and the combustible portion of the Peat made to occupy about one third its original space. It is rendered almost as solid as mineral coal, and as pleasant for fuel.

The New Orleans papers announce the death of Dr. L—— H——, and state that he has left an estate of $200,000, and a *young widow*. Let the executors remit her to this city forthwith, we know several eligible husbands whose taste is decidedly for widows rather than maidens.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The Little Falls (N. Y.) Gazette, mentions a hail storm that occurred in that neighbourhood a few days since, during which hail stones fell, some of which measures upwards of seven inches in circumference.

In Bangor, Me., on Sunday night, a mob entered a tenement belonging to Joseph Carr, Esq. forcibly expelled the inmates, threw the furniture upon the wharf, and nearly demolished the building, in the presence of several hundred citizens, who were unable to expel and disperse the rioters, for want of authority and organization.

A sail boat with eight persons was upset near Hellgate, N. Y. and five of them were drowned. One of the bodies, a female, about 25 years of age, was picked up by the steamboat General Jackson.

The election in New York, for officers of the Sixth Ward, resulted in the choice of Dennis McCarthy, as [illegible], and James Ferris, as Assistant Alderman, [illegible] majorities.

A few days ago, a man employed on the Providence Rail Road was blown up in the act of charging a rock. He landed nearly uninjured; but as such an escape is a rare occurrence, it would be advisable for those gentlemen to be more particular in arranging preparations.

The T[illegible] of the Charles River Bridge, has enclosed to Joseph T. Buckingham, Esq. editor of the Boston C., a check for *six hundred and ninety six dollar forty four cents*, being one half the amount paid at the Charlestown Bridge, for the month of [illegible] 1833, to be appropriated to the fund for building Bunker Hill Monument.

At a meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, at Emmettsburg, (Md.) it was resolved by the [illegible] that "they would support no man for any office in the gift of the people, who is in the habit of using voters for the purpose of receiving their suffrages at the polls."

A large factory, belonging to Bebee & Co, was destroyed by fire at Watertown, N. Y. a few days since, $150,000 to 200,000 dollars. Fire accidental.

A very intelligent gentleman from Ohio, who had the best opportunity for forming a correct opinion, stated, in this city, a few days ago, that he had ascertained to his entire satisfaction that the emigrants into that state, in the last year, had taken with them money to the amount of exceeding six and perhaps reaching [illegible] millions of dollars.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

The Tariff.—It has been ascertained, that at the expiration of nine years, the time when the reduction contemplated by Mr. Clay's Bill is to cease, that there will remain in the Treasury of the United States, a surplus of *sixty millions of dollars*.

The farmers of West Chester, Pa. celebrated the 4th of July, by getting in as much of their harvest as they possibly could. And they acted like sensible men.

Coffee.—A Boston writer speaks of the French as the only [illegible] people who prepare the beverage well. "Says he, their manner of doing it is the most simple great art consists in making it as strong as can be, and then diluting it with boiling milk." Coffee is said to constitute nearly half the sustenance of Turks.

Wherever he has visited at the West, Mr. Webster has completely dispelled the prejudices that existed against him, and united all parties in admiration of his talents, [illegible] and lofty honor.

Buried alive.—A woman, sometime during this week, who was supposed to be dead, was prepared for the grave, and put in her coffin, which was fastened down, but she revived before she was interred, and is now, we are informed, convalescent and likely to recover. We mention this fact more as a caution than for any other reason.—*St. Louis Times.*

The Waring Piper is still piping at Boston, but the people seem to dance. The Morning Post says "it's [illegible] more boys than fife."

A letter from Brigadier General Atkinson to the Commanding Chief, published in the Globe, states that the Winnebago Indians are removing peaceably from the ceded lands. The Potawatomies intend also to sell out, and remove beyond the Mississippi, after raising the present crop.

Important to Post-Masters.—Every Post-Master ought to know that, if a newspaper directed to his office is not taken out, and he delays beyond a reasonable time to send information to the publisher, he is himself liable for the paper.

A labouring man named Collingwood, residing in Cumberland county, drowned himself on Friday week, by jumping into the Conodoguinet creek, opposite Harrisburg.

The Somerset (Pa.) Patriot, mentions the arrest, on the 3d inst. Samuel W. Loy, for the larceny of a pocket book containing $40, the property of Mr. James Conly, member of the Legislature from that county. Loy confessed his guilt, and was committed to prison.

Five substantial Pennsylvania farmers, belonging to the town of Somerset, on the 22d ult. went out to hunt squirrels. In the evening they returned with 214, which they had killed and secured. A good day's work.

The first specimen of an Anglo-Chinese Kalendar and Register has been published in China for the year 1832. According to this authority, the population returns of the celestial empire, in 1831, amounted to 362,000,000, of which number the capital, Pekin, alone is said to contain 5,000,000.

The following toast was given at Mifflinburg, Union county, among a large collection of others:—

By George Dreisbach. *Judge Cooper, of South Carolina*: Fit for nothing else than to be stock on a bed post for bugs to bark at, or to be clerk over a frog pond, and there be nibbled to death by ducks.

According to the Dublin Journal, the number of Protestants who have emigrated from Ireland during the last few years, is as follows:—In 1829, 12,000; in 1830, 21,000; in 1831, 29,500; in 1832, 31,500—making a total of 94,000, during the short space of four years.

Consumption of Tea.—In the whole civilized world, with the exception of England, 22,000,000 lbs. of tea are consumed. Great Britain and Ireland consume 31,391,626. This article never fails of meeting a smile from our fair citizens.

Upwards of eleven hundred shares of United States Bank Stock sold in New York, on Monday, at 109 1/4 a 110.

A writer, in the N. Y. Evening Post, states, "that [illegible] coursing his flaming steeds at *midnight!*

The Vermont Herald, published at Rutland, has nominated the Hon. John McLean, of Ohio, as a candidate for the Presidency. This is the second nomination this gentleman has received in that state.

A portion of the citizens of Beaver county, in this state, have nominated the following ticket, for the support of the voters at the October Election—Senate, John Dickey—House of Representatives, Benj. Adams and Joseph Pollock. Mr. Adams was a member of the late Legislature.

Mr. Peter Fild's jewellery shop, in Greenwich street, New York, was broken open on Sunday, while the family were at church, and robbed of watches and jewellery to the amount of five thousand dollars. The thief has not yet been detected.

A man by the name of Bellone, was killed at New Orleans, on the night of the 1st inst., by being thrown from off the gallery of a house, in St. Philip street. A fellow named Allsop, has been arrested and bound over for trial, on suspicion of being the person who threw Bellone over.

A boatman named Fermer, was drowned while bathing in the Connecticut river, near Hartford, Conn. on Saturday evening last. An unsuccessful effort was made to save him by a gentleman, named Clark.

A British vessel, direct from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, arrived at Bristol, on the Delaware river, last week, loaded with 120 tons of Plaister to be transported up the canal. The Doylestown Democrat says, that this is the only vessel, carrying English freight, that has hauled to at Bristol, since the revolutionary war.

Two boys, belonging to American whale ships, have recently been taken off of Chatham Island. They had been on the island six months, and had subsisted during that period on raw terrapins.

Wm. Avery, who stole thirty dollars from a lady's reticule, in church, in New York, some short time ago, has been found guilty, and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State Prison.

The existence of the *Sea Sarpent* is placed beyond all doubt, for Major Jack Downing has not only seen him, but had a most agreeable ride upon his back for half an hour.

The corner stone of an Episcopal church was laid in Princeton, N. J. on the 4th inst., by Bishop Doane.

Mr. Nickerson, the jailer of Augusta, Me., has in his possession a hen's egg, which has no yolk, but contains another egg, about the size of a plum, with a shell as hard as the other shell.

Dr. Scudder, of New York, it is stated, has invented a torpedo, with which he is determined to destroy the Sea Serpent. He has secured a patent for his invention, and intends to go to Nahant. The same weapon, the doctor thinks, will be useful to whalemen, and others who are in pursuit of large fish.

The late tremendous rains "down east," have had the distressing effect, as a writer pathetically informs us, of preventing the growth of *radishes!* Not a single radish, says he, shall we have. If the crops of cucumbers should also be cut off, it would ruin half the doctors in that part of the country.

There are no less than seventy-six periodicals published in Boston.

Walter Bowne, Esq. Ex-Mayor of New York, was on Saturday last, elected President of the Seventh Ward Bank of that city.

Apple Blossoms.—A friend last week show us two bunches of *apple blossoms* he plucked from a tree in the meadow. By the side of them were apples larger than a hen's egg. Blossoms are not unfrequently seen in the fall, but at this season of the year, they are rare and unusual.

A respectable young lady by the name of Mary W. Fields, was drowned in New Haven, a few evenings since, by falling down a well while in a fit.

The Hudson frigate, which was built in 1826, and which has made but one cruise, is decayed to such an extent that she is not worth repairing.

A strict quarantine has been established at Cadiz to guard against the cholera; and any person secretly introducing himself from Portugal, Havana, or any other place where that disease has made its appearance, is punishable with death.

There is a great demand in New York, at present, for brick layers and stone masons. Their wages are fifteen shillings per day. Persons of these trades now unemployed in other cities, will find good rewards and enough to do, by visiting the Commercial Emporium.

From the Mercantile Advertiser, we learn that the amount of duties secured at the Custom House in New York, for the first quarter of the current year, was about $5,500,000, and that since the present law went into operation, the monthly revenue has been about one million of dollars. Taking this sum as the average of importations, the receipts for one year will be about twelve millions of dollars.

Law of New York.—No person shall hereafter transact business in the name of a partner not interested in his firm, and where the designation "and Company," or "& Co." is used, it shall represent an actual partner or partners. Any person offending against the provision of this act, shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars.

A correspondent of the Franklin (Va.) Whig, strongly urges upon the attention of the School Commissioners of his county, the propriety of establishing a manual labor school for the education of the poor. He recommends this mode of education as decidedly preferable, in many particulars, to the ordinary school system, which the Commissioners have now in operation. The plan he proposes is as follows:

"Let there be a cheap School House erected at the Poor House, and all the children of the District be invited to attend, and let the manager or a teacher under his direction instruct them in the rudiments of an English education about six hours each day. There will be from three to four hours that may be spent upon the farm or in a shop; and by their labour they may diminish the necessity of hiring and defraying their own expenses. A blacksmith shop and a place for cabinet work provided with tools may be a great convenience to the establishment. And all boys that have a mechanical genius would be encouraged to learn a useful trade.

"The females in their hours of vacation should be taught needle work, spinning, weaving, &c. by the Landlady. Such children also as in future should be bound out, might with propriety be put there, and there snatched from degradation and ignominy and put in a way to become useful citizens or eminent characters. Nature or rather the Creator has made no difference between the rich and the poor in mental endowments. In the humblest walks of life we may frequently find the gems of those shining gifts that distinguished a Cæsar, a Milton or a Newton. How much good may be done for the country and for the world by such a policy, no tongue can tell. On the other hand there is no estimating the waste of mind in our country among the thousands whose energies are withered and blighted for want of education, and moral culture."

It is gratifying to see that the advantages of the manual labor system of education, are claiming the attention of the philanthropists of our country. The day is not far distant, we trust, when these schools, affording the means of instruction in the higher as well as the more simple branches of education, and connecting with mental study wholesome exercise of the body, will be established in every county, in every state throughout our commonwealth. Especially are we desirous that this system should be introduced in Pennsylvania, feeling persuaded that it will commence a new era—an era distinguished for liberality and intelligence—in our state.—*Phila. Gaz.*

Intemperance and Perjury.—The practice of treating voters, and in other ways bribing them, on all occasions when they can be made use of, has become a crying sin in this country. In New York, on Thursday afternoon, a person was arrested on a charge of having taken a false oath of citizenship, at the polls of the sixth ward. It appears, from the Standard, that the man was evidently labouring under the effects of liquor. He admitted that he came from Lambertsville, in the state of New Jersey, where he had worked for a year past, on the canal, to give in a vote for a friend of his, who was a candidate for the office of collector. He also said that he was a native of Ireland, and had been in this country about five years, but had never been naturalized. He was committed to Bridewell, to await his trial at the ensuing sessions.

An occurrence took place recently in Bangor, Me., calculated to produce the keenest feelings of indignation, and to harrow up the sensibilities of every one whose departed friends might be exposed to the same sacrilegious depredation. It seems, from the Republican, that the father and brother of a young man who died and was buried at Bangor, last November, wishing to remove his remains to a more eligible spot, had his grave opened, when the coffin lid was found to have been fractured, and the body taken away. The feelings of the relatives can better be imagined than described. Most of them reside at a distance, but their grief cannot be the less poignant.

Outrages similar to the above, have occasionally been committed in this and other states; but, in every instance where the offenders could be ascertained, they have been brought to condign punishment.—*Phil. Gazette.*

The General Association of Massachusetts have passed resolutions against the granting of *licences* for the sale of ardent spirits, and against the use of *tobacco* by ministers of the Gospel. They are as follows:

As the traffic in ardent spirits as a drink is unnecessary, and highly injurious to the social, civil and religious interests of men, therefore,

Resolved, That in our judgment, the laws which sanction that traffic, by licensing men to pursue it, are morally wrong, and ought to be so modified that, instead of licensing the sin, and thus sanctioning its continuance, they will only, so far as practicable and expedient, defend the community from its evils.

Resolved, That the use of Tobacco by ministers of the Gospel is obstructing the progress of Temperance, and injurious to the cause of religion.

Some time ago, an agent of the War Department demanded of the chief of the Sac Indians the persons of those of his tribe who murdered Mr. Martin, of Warren County, Illinois. The chief was, however, unable to comply with the demand, the murderers having fled. Lest their flight should create strife and reaction on the part of the government, four young men of the tribe offered themselves as substitutes to appease offended justice, and desired that they should be given up as the real murderers. They were accordingly committed, and on the day of trial evinced a perfect contentment to die. The old chief and several other Indians were in attendance and explained the motives which had led the prisoners to offer themselves, and their expectation that government would be satisfied with any four lives of the tribe. The result, of [illegible] noblest era of Greece or Rome.

A new instance of American enterprise and industry occurred here this week. A Mr. Baird, of the state of Maine, who has a patent for bee-hives and who keeps a great number of bees, and of course trades in them, arrived at Quebec with hives, which he sold to the amount of between 2 and 3000 dollars, cash. He had brought some during the winter, in his boxes of hives, in a torpid state, and found a good sale; but it seemed more difficult to remove them in the summer season,—their busy and active period. Mr. Baird however travelled only during the night, and set his bees out during the day to feed and continue their work, which they did with their usual activity and regularity. He was about twelve nights on his journey by the Kennebec road, and brought the whole of his hives to Quebec in good condition without loss.—*Quebec paper.*

St. Louis (Mo.) June 25.—The Steamboat Yellow Stone, Capt. A. G. Bennett, returned from her voyage up the Missouri, on Friday last, bringing a rich cargo of skins of various kinds for the American Fur Company. The crew were all in fine health and spirits. The Yellow Stone ascended the Missouri to the mouth of the river from which she derives her name. We understand that the Assinaboin, the other boat belonging to the same company, proceeded still higher up, and will probably go to the head of steamboat navigation.—*Rep.*

The Cherokees.—We have this morning received a letter from a Cherokee Indian, dated New Echota, June 21st, from which we make the following extract:—

"The Cherokees will make a strong effort at the next Congress for a definitive adjustment of the stupendous robbery of our property by the State of Georgia; and it is intended to present to the American people the manner in which this property has been gambled off by the State. Hitherto, words have had but comparatively little effect on the public mind, when we have been detailing the darkest crime ever perpetrated upon an unoffending people."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Melancholy Accident.—Wm. Lucas, aged 14 years, son of Mr. Samuel Lucas, and clerk in the dry goods store of Mr. R. W. Trap, 39, Washington street, fell out of a small boat at Fresh Pond, on Thursday morning, and was drowned. He was in the boat with two of his brothers, and one or two other lads, and was in the act of sculling the boat, but losing his balance fell overboard, the other boys being so much frightened they could render him no assistance. His body was found about five o'clock, and brought to town. He was an excellent boy, much beloved and valued by his employer.—*Boston Transcript.*

Murder.—A murder was committed near Columbus, Indiana, on the 16th ult. under the following circumstances. On the evening of the above day, Mr. John Comer, a respectable citizen of Rock Creek Township, went, in company with his wife, to the house of a person named Cader Heron, for the clothing of the wife of Mr. Heron, who it appears had a short time before separated from her husband. While there, Comer and Heron had some conversation about a certain Bell, which Heron, said he found in the woods, and which Comer alleged to be his. Both parties became angry, and Heron finally made some threats, after which Comer and his wife left the house for the purpose of going home, when Heron followed with his rifle, and shot Mr. Comer, the ball entered through his body just behind the right shoulder. He then advanced and struck Mr. Comer one or more blows with his rifle, and he expired in about 15 minutes after he was shot. Heron was arrested a few days after, and committed to prison to await his trial.

A letter from Liverpool (England) concludes with the following:—

Petitions are crowding into Parliament *by thousands*, from every part of the United Kingdom, praying for the abolition of slavery; Lord Suffield alone presented 201 on Tuesday, in the House of Lords—one of which was of amazing size, which, closely packed as it was, seemed to rival the woolsack itself in its dimensions. It was signed by EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND ladies!! Its presentation excited considerable sensation and some merriment. In the House of Commons, on the same day, Mr. Buxton presented 300 petitions, among them one containing 187,000 female signatures, which required four members to lay it on the table. At the head of it stood the name of the celebrated Amelie Opie, and next to hers that of Priscilla Buxton. Cheers for the ladies of Great Britain!

The grand desideratum of *Perpetual Motion* has been *again* discovered. The Universal of Montevideo states, that Mr. Pierre Pene, a French watchmaker in that place, after employing himself many years on the subject, effected the grand discovery, which was to have been ushered upon the world some time in May last.

Marriage Fees.—At Norwich, a whimsical privilege is ascribed, by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the grammar school—namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk, or, in lieu thereof the bride's garters.

On last Thursday week, two young men went into a hotel in Boston, where, on application, they obtained lodgings. In the course of the night they got up, entered the rooms and searched the pockets of several of their fellow lodgers, and stole a considerable sum of money, with which they effected their escape. On the next morning a sailor was knocked down, near the United States Bank, in State street, and robbed of Thirty Dollars. As it is supposed that two were concerned in the transaction, it is not unreasonable to presume them to have been the same who robbed the hotel.

On Sunday morning last, a fire broke out in the stable of Mr. Henry Shaw, near the corner of North Market and Lumber streets, in Albany, N. Y. which consumed the stable and some out-houses adjoining. Two valuable horses, belonging to Mr. Shaw, were destroyed by the flames. It is said that a person had visited the stable with a light late on Saturday evening, from which the fire is supposed to have originated.

Unfortunate Misventure.—An incident which has terminated the life of a worthy man, and deprived a large family of its head, happened in this city last night. Mr. Samuel Woodson, of Goochland, in Richmond on business, walked from the second portico of the Columbian Hotel, on Cary street, and falling on his head, fractured his skull to the immediate deprivation of life.—[Richmond Whig, July 12.]

A saw-fish was exhibited in Savannah, (Ga.) on the 29th ult. which had been taken two days previously near the Tybee light, in 12 feet of water, with a bass hook and line. His measure from the end of his saw to that of his tail, was over 12 feet. When taken he had several pilot fish clinging to his back. His saw, was in itself 3 feet 4 inches long, and must have been a fearful weapon against those fish to whom he bears hereditary enmity.—*Encyclopedia.*

On Sunday last, during the heavy storm which passed over the borough of Reading, Major Bittings, who was engaged in securing one of his horses, was prostrated by a stroke of lightning, but not seriously injured. The same shock killed a cow, about twenty yards distant. In Maidencreek township, the barn of Mr. Morris was struck, and entirely consumed, with its contents. The barn of Mr. Henry Bunn, in Douglass township, shared the same fate.

We noticed a few days ago a rumour which prevailed in this city, that the Chancellor of New York had decided in favour of claimants, in the important case of the Trinity Church, which has been contested in law for many years, and which involves property to the amount of twenty-five millions of dollars. One of the principal heirs to which, we learn, is Mr. George Brewer, of Kensington, in this city, an elderly gentleman, in moderate circumstances, formerly a clerk in the old United States Bank. It is stated that they have made a further claim to one hundred and thirty acres more, situated in the centre of the city of New York, which, with the other lands, will not only embody the church, but its revenues, as well as some of the most valuable real estate in the city. This property has been a subject of dispute ever since the close of the American revolution.—*Chronicle.*

That a suit has been commenced against the Corporation of Trinity Church, having for its object to dispossess said church of its immense real estate in this city, is very probable, and in fact true. But in this there is nothing very alarming or very novel. Many suits have been commenced, at different times, against Trinity Church, for the recovery of this property, but they have uniformly failed; and we have no doubt this will. We believe it would be better both for the church and the city if this property were owned by individuals—but that is not the question.

The amount of the property in question is unknown, at least to us, though we are persuaded that $25,000,000 is much too high an estimate. Nevertheless its value is every day increasing, and the time is probably not far distant when it will be worth that sum, and more. Even now, we suspect the Corporation of Trinity Church is the richest Corporation in the United States. Every year almost, new and splendid edifices are erected for the accommodation of new Episcopal congregations.

But we are safe in saying, that notwithstanding these large expenditures, the property of the church is becoming more valuable with every succeeding year.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A lad, about five years of age, on Friday week, accidently fell from the steam boat Cinderella, while on her passage from New York to Elizabethtown Point, into the water. The speed of the boat soon left the boy behind, but a gentleman on board, Mr. W. J. Davis, of Richmond, immediately plunged into the waves and swam towards him. The Captain, also, acted with the utmost promptitude in manning and lowering the small boat, the crew of which soon overtook Mr. Davis, who was much exhausted by contending against a strong tide, and took him on board. Mr. Davis took his station at the bow, and had the good fortune to arrive at the spot in time to seize the child at the moment he was sinking. He was received on board the vessel in a state of insensibility, but by timely exertions was resuscitated, and is now doing well. Comment upon this act of Mr. Davis—says the Courier—is unnecessary. That emergency is most fortunate which discovers to an individual such generous impulses in himself; and his own reflections on the occurrence must afford him a purer pleasure than the encomiums it cannot fail to elicit wherever it becomes known.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The Climax.—The public have already been apprised of the imprisonment of Miss Crandall, (in the cell [illegible]) This act was thought almost incredible. But the following is, if possible, still more outrageous. To forbid a parent—a *mother* to visit a *child!*—a sister to call on a sister! Who ever heard of such a thing, in this country, before? The legal pretext, it is presumed, for the measure is, "aiding and abetting" her school. It will soon be venal to write or speak in her favour, at this rate.

Read the following. It is from a source that may be relied on.

Canterbury, Conn. June 21.

On Saturday, the 8th inst. A. T. Judson, Esq. and Judge Adams called on Pardon Crandall, and said to him as follows: "If you go to your daughter's cell, you are to be fined $100 for the first offence, $200 for the second, and double it every time"—then turning to his wife, said, "Mrs. Crandall, if you go there you will be fined—and Almira (their youngest daughter) will be fined—and Mr. May and those gentleman from Providence, (meaning Messrs. George and Henry Benson) if they come there will be fined after the same rate. And your daughter (the one that established the school for colored females) will be taken up the same way as for stealing a horse, or for burglary. Her property will not be taken, but she shall be put in jail, in close confinement, not having the liberty of the yard. There is no mercy to be shown about it. Mr. Crandall, when you sent your printed paper to the General Assembly,* you did not injure me; it helped very much in getting the bill through. When they received it, every man clenched his fist—and the committee sat down and doubled the penalty." In speaking of the General Assembly, Mr. Judson remarked that they said to him, "If this law does not answer your purpose, let us know, next year, and we will make you one that will."

*A Memorial of Mr. Crandall on behalf of his daughter.

Another Daring Robbery.—Daring robberies appear to be on the increase of late. The Boston Atlas of Friday, contains the particulars of a piece of roguery, by which a package containing upwards of fourteen thousand dollars, was, on Thursday last, abstracted from the driver of the Eastern Stage. The stage started from Boston at one o'clock, and on crossing Winnesimmit Ferry, a person entered the stage, from the steam boat, unnoticed by the driver, and proceeded as far as the Lynn Post Office. After the driver had changed the mail bag, and was about to start, a boy on the road told him that one of his passengers was leaving the stage.

The individual thus noticed paid the fare, and the driver drove on to Salem, where, when he stopped to change horses, his box was found to have been broken open, and the money stolen. Mr. Rand, the agent of the lines of Salem stages, being made acquainted with all the circumstances, took the road to Boston immediately, in company with another person, in search of the thief.

About a mile from the Chelsea Hotel, they discovered a man on the road whom they suspected to be the passenger they were in search of. Mr. Rand engaged him in conversation till they reached the Hotel, where he shortly after missed him. The alarm was given, the steamboat stopped, and the house and adjacent grounds searched for the supposed culprit; when, about sunset, he was discovered on Dr Shurtleff's farm, secreted among the bushes. He was carried to the Hotel, where he drew his wallet from his pocket, and threw it passionately on the table, declaring that he had not got their money, though nothing had been said before him of the loss.

He was arrested and lodged in the Boston jail.—He calls himself Mason, and is said to be an Englishman.

Capt. Thomas B. Tylden (so went the gentleman's copper plate address) was arrested in Boston on last Friday week, by Mr. Constable Clapp, for stealing a watch from a gentleman who boarded in Milk-street in that city. Capt. Thomas Tylden was furnished with an immense grove of whiskers behind which he expected to escape; but his progress was observed by a young lad so vigilantly as to lead to his capture.—He says he was formerly a mischief-man in the U. S. Navy, and was subsequently commissioned in the Brazilian service, and both capacities was ejected for misconduct.

Raising the Wind.—The other day as a butcher stood by his cart selling meat, he saw a man stoop and pick up something under his cart. What have you got there? asked the butcher. The fellow said, it looks like money. On examination it proved to be a ten dollar bill. The butcher said, I suppose it is one I dropped when making change. To which the finder replied, I think I ought to have one half, for had it not been for me you never would have seen it again. The butcher knowing it not to be his bill, thought he could not do less than to comply with the fellow's request, he therefore took a five dollar bill out of his wallet and gave him, taking the ten. Soon after the butcher was purchasing some goods in a store, and offered the bill to the storekeeper, who pronounced it counterfeit. The butcher was somewhat surprised, and then related the manner of his obtaining the bill. He was soon convinced, however, that the best thing he could do would be to fold up the bill, place it in the back part of his wallet, and look out for the future or similar occasions.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cholera at Williamsport, Md.—The cholera has since its commencement at this place spread with rapidity, and in almost every instance terminated fatally.

One hundred and fifty-three persons died of Cholera at Wheeling, from the 10th of May to the 28th of June.

The cholera had almost wholly disappeared from New Orleans at the last dates.

The Pittsburgh Democrat of Thursday says: "The Cholera, we are happy to state, has subsided. For the last 48 hours, no cases have occurred in the city."

It is stated in the Nashville Republican of a late date, that the Cholera has nearly depopulated the town of Shelbyville, Tenn. There have been about sixty deaths, and the latest advices mention, that not more than twenty persons remain in the town. Other towns in the vicinity have suffered in like manner.

We are informed, says the Cincinnati Republican, of the 12th inst., that the cholera has again broken out with increased violence at Maysville.

A new preventive against cholera has been devised; no less than carrying a piece of myrrh in the mouth. Whether we have the Cholera or not, certainly depends much on what we put in our mouths—some men use brandy, others old port, and not a few tobacco, intermingled with camphor and opium. One of the best preventives, in our opinion, is to keep both mouth and ears shut—neither hear nor join in any spasmodic conversation during the warm weather; and if myrrh will answer the purpose, why it has a very pleasant odor, and offends no one, like smoking cigars and other unsavory and unsightly practices.

Doctor Julian Xavier Chaubert, (Ex-Fire-King,) and Doctor Stephen Lindo, keep drug shops adjoining each other in Broadway. One day, Doct. Lindo sent to Doct. Chaubert for three cents worth of aquafortis, which he refused, and in doing so spake words of high disdain to the messenger. Upon this, Doct. Lindo went himself. An animated colloquy took place, and blows were exchanged. Fortunately, the encounter resulted in nothing more serious than a burn on Doct. Lindo's cheek, occasioned either by a lighted segar, or the touch of the Fire-King's finger. Both appealed to the violated laws. Cross indictments were found, and both cases were tried at once. Each charged the other with giving the first blow. The Jury found them both guilty.—*N. Y. Cour.*

American Cotton.—By the last Liverpool Price Current of 31st May, there had been imported from the United States, since 1st January last, 313,054 bales of Cotton, and 257,000 bales more were expected, making 600,000 bales for the year. This Cotton would sell in Liverpool at a fair estimate for $42 per bale, making the sum of $25,200,000. At one cent per pound freight, $1,800,000 will be paid to the ship owners, and at 10 cents per pound for the cost, $18,000,000 will be paid to the cotton planters of the Southern States.

About 350,000 bales more have been shipped to France and others parts of Europe, and to the middle and nothern states, worth at 10 cents per pound, $10,700,000.

In speaking of the late tour of the President, the Quebec Gazette (Neilson's) says—We regret that he could not make it convenient to look at the St. Lawrence, the great north eastern outlet of the North American continent. He would have been received in the British dominions with the same general respect as in the United States, and with that attention on the part of the British authorities which is due to the first Magistrate of a friendly power, and those kind personal feelings which brave men always entertain for those who have distinguished themselves in the field in the service of their country.

A case of seduction arising out of a breach of promise of marriage was tried at the Lynchburgh, Va. Superior Court last week. The plaintiff was Benjn. A. Phillips, who instituted suit against Tinsley Padgett, for the seduction of his daughter Maria Phillips, under promise of marriage. It was the first action of the sort, which has been brought into the county since its organization. The trial lasted about two days. The Jury gave a verdict against the defendant of 1300 dollars damages.

Mr. Lucas Knapp, of the town of Austerlitz, has a team of dogs, with which he is in the habit of riding out daily. The dogs are but about fourteen months old, and the last December, when the roads were bad, they travelled from the residence of Mr. Kay, (who is a cripple) to Winchester, Conn. a distance of sixty miles, in one day, drawing him in a small wagon which he has for that purpose. He returned by the same novel conveyance in the same space of time.

New York appears to have experienced, on Sunday afternoon last, a storm similar to that which passed over this city. The lightning struck one house in the town, without, however, causing any particular injury. A large house on Brooklyn Heights, owned by Dr. Bell, and occupied as a boarding house was also struck. Although a lightning rod was on the building, it did not attract the fluid. The flash divided, and both branches rent their way through the dwelling, scattering bricks and innumerable splinters, and firing the uppermost apartment into a blaze, which happily, was soon extinguished. A lady was smitten by a mass of plaster which was thrown across the room; but she survived without material injury.

Extract of a letter from a Midshipman on board the U. S. ship John Adams, dated Malta, 26th April, 1833.

"This morning we heard the melancholy news of Sir Henry Hotham's death. He was the Admiral of the English fleet on this station. At 6 o'clock he complained of a slight headache, after which he was taken with a fit of coughing, and at 11 he was a corpse. He was followed to the grave not only by his own officers and the citizens of the town, but by every body who knew him; and there is not an officer of this ship who does not sincerely regret his death."

The measures of the British Government, on the question of Slavery in the West Indies, are creating the greatest sensation among the London merchants, who own property in those islands. One of them, an eminent and hitherto opulent gentleman, committed suicide, on the 28th May, in a most shocking manner. The sudden and overwhelming way in which the proposed measures will affect the rights of property, as we have before hinted, must produce deplorable consequences. It would be well for ministers and parliament to pause before they take an irretrievable step towards alienating from England those large and wealthy colonies, that can exist without her protection, and might soon be prepared to defy her power.

The Alexandria Gazette has received the particulars of an unpleasant personal rencontre between Mr. Senator Rives and T. W. Gilmer, of the Virginia House of Delegates—which occured at Charlottesville, (Va.) on the 1st inst. Thinking it likely that we shall hear official accounts of this "meeting" from the parties themselves, the Gazette merely states that "Mr. Rives accused Mr. G. of some insincerity, which the latter repelled—that upon their meeting, one attempted to thrust his hand in the other's face, which was replied to by the use of the horse-whip, &c." The Charlottesville Court being in session at the time, the belligerents were summoned before it, and bound over to keep the peace, each in the sum of one thousand dollars.

The capital invested in manufactories at Lowell, (Mass.) is 6,150,000 dollars. The number of large mills in operation is 19; spindles, 84,000; looms, 3000; female operatives, 3800; male operatives, 1200. More than 20,000 bales of cotton, or 8,000,000 pounds are annually used. About 27,000,000 yards of various descriptions of cotton goods are annually manufactured yearly. About 150,000 lbs. of wool are annually manufactured into cassimere.

Daring Larcenies.—On Thursday evening two young men, apparently strangers, came to Brigham's Hotel in Hanover street, and applied for lodgings, saying they wished to take the morning stage for Salem. A room and bed were furnished them. During the night they arose, and entered the rooms, and examined the pockets of several of their fellow lodgers, stole a considerable amount of money, including $25 from one person, and then made the best of their way from the house. They have not since been seen or heard of.—*Mer. Jour.*

Infanticide.—The coroner was called on Sunday morning to view the dead body of a young male infant, found at the foot of Oliver street. Its head was cut off, the brains dashed out, both arms separated from the body at the shoulder joint, and its legs tied together. No information has yet been received of the perpetrators of this inhuman act. The jury brought in a verdict of murder, by the hands of some person or persons unknown.—*N. Y. Com. & Enq.*

A Boy found at Sea.—We learn from Capt. Evans, arrived this morning from Bermuda, that a brig arrived at that place on the 25th of June, which had fallen in with the British brig Douglass, ten days from Bermuda for Alexandria; had been capsized a day or two previous, in a gale of wind; took from her a boy about nine years old, who was in the cabin when she capsized. The boy could give no account of the captain or crew.* The long boat was gone. A schooner was in company the night before she capsized.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

* The Douglass founded in the Gulf—the crew were taken off by the Br. schr. Jane, and landed in the Chesapeake about the middle of last month.

Murder.—A murder took place in Wrightsville, York County, two or three weeks since, which we neglected to notice. Two coloured men, under the influence of whiskey, quarrelled, and in the scuffle which ensued, a stone was lodged in the head of one of them, which terminated his life. The difficulty happened in the night, and the following morning the deceased called on the Doctor to have the stone extracted.—After this was done, he went to one of the stores, procured a quart of whiskey, drank it, and shortly after expired. A more striking instance of the strength of the ruling passion in death, we have seldom heard of. The offender has been committed to the York Jail, and will take his trial before the August court. The name of the deceased was John Hooker.—*Columbia Spy.*

Utica and Schenectady Rail Road.—The Commissioners have completed the distribution of the Stock. The duty was laborious, delicate and responsible. About $550,000 of the Stock was given to the City of New York—$500,000 to the counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Saratoga, Columbia, Ulster, and Dutchess—$150,000 to Schenectady, Schoharie, and Montgomery—and 640,000 to Oneida, Herkimer, and the other western and northern counties.

The Commissioners each took $10,000 of the stock to themselves; which considering their trouble and expense, is by no means an unreasonable amount.—*Alb. Jour.*

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

FLOUR, per bbl fresh from wagons,	$5 75
do. do. do.	5 75
[illegible]T, per bushel,	1 10
do.	80
[illegible]er bushel,	65
[illegible]R SEED, per bushel,	none.
[illegible]HY SEED, do.	none.
do.	none
[illegible], Good, do.	65
[illegible]ED, do.	1 65
[illegible]m wagons, do.	40
[illegible]EY, do. per gallon, in hhds.	39
do. do. in bbls.	30
[illegible]N, per lb.	11
[illegible]R, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	11
[illegible]er dozen,	12
[illegible]round, per bushel,	50
[illegible]ine do.	50
[illegible]er lb. Western,	8
[illegible]W, do.	8½
[illegible]BEEF,	10
[illegible]Western, per lb.	6
do. do.	8
[illegible]AX, do.	19
[illegible]D OIL, do.	90
[illegible]ERS, do.	40
[illegible]N WOOL, washed,	22 to 31
Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	17 to 1[illegible]
[illegible]ER, SOLE,	21 to 24
[illegible]R.—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft.	$15 to 20
Yellow Pine,	13 to 16
Oak, joice,	11 to 12
Hemlock, do.	6 to 7
Shingles,	16 to 23

[From the United States Gazette.]

Stocks, at the Philadelphia Stock and Exchange Board, July 12, 1833.

		Price.	Par
[illegible]ed States 4½ per cents,		99½	100
[illegible]h, 5 per cents,	1840	100	100
United States Bank,		109¼	100
Girard Bank,		50¼	50
Bank of Pennsylvania,		544	400
July 13, 1833.			
Girard Bank,		50½	50
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,		68½	50
Lancaster Turnpike,		16[illegible]	300
U. S. Bank,		109¼	100
Commercial Bank,		67½	50
July 15, 1833.			
United States Bank,		109¼	100
do. do. 60 ds & int.		109½	100
do. do. 45 ds & int.		109½	100
do. do. 30 ds & int.		109¼	100
Commercial Bank, Cincinnati,		113	100
Norristown Rail Road		26	50
Girard Bank,		50½	50
Lehigh Stock,		80	50
July 16, 1833.			
Commercial Bank,		67½	50
Union Bank, Tennessee,		23½	20
Girard Bank, (90 ds & int.)		60	50
U. S. Bank,		109¼	100
Schuylkill Navigation Co.		126¼	50
American Insurance Co.		26¼	25
U. S. Bank,		109½	100
[illegible]nd Del. Canal, 6 per cts.	1840	99	100
do. do.	1837	94	100
[illegible]States 5 per cents.		106¼	100
July 17, 1833.			
[illegible]		122¼	100
People's Line Steamboat, Balt.		15¼	20
Farmers' and Mechanic's Bank,		68½	50
U. S. Bank,		109¼	100

[illegible]SON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

[illegible]y, July 20, 1833.

[illegible] signed "Allen Anderson," which [illegible]out perusal, in the hurry of the mo[illegible]paper of Saturday last, as directed by [illegible]e find to be of a character not admis[illegible]s. It is, therefore, this week ex[illegible]lisher of this paper, many years since, [illegible]ation to publish no advertisement of [illegible]; which determination he has not [illegible]t inadvertantly, in this instance.

[illegible] begins to abound with *Omnibusses*.—[illegible]d and useful vehicles have been [illegible] hither from New York. They are [illegible]ndence and the Stephen Girard. The [illegible] side, a very accurate and striking [illegible] distinguished merchant and mari[illegible] conveniences are destined to run in [illegible] between Second street and the Schuyl[illegible] depart from the Coffee House, [illegible] of the Philadelphia Gazette, every [illegible] during each day of the week, Sun[illegible]. Their managers are courteous and at[illegible] enterprise seems to enjoy the good [illegible]mmunity. It is possible that, like [illegible], there may, by and by, be too much [illegible]out town; but at present there is no [illegible] excess. The wants of our metropo[illegible], have been numerous, and we are [illegible] properly supplied, as well as to per[illegible] who effect that purpose, are properly [illegible]

[illegible] which post office mismanagement [illegible] have lately entailed upon the country [illegible] the editorial fraternity in particular, [illegible] to excite remonstrance, and to awaken [illegible] for reformation, in all sections of the [illegible] we to extract all the newspaper para[illegible] we meet with, on this subject, we might [illegible]h them. The charge, made a while [illegible]on Statesman, that all the complain[illegible]tration in these matters come from op[illegible], is amply gainsayed by the fact, that [illegible] most subservient and pliant servants of [illegible], have latterly exclaimed with much [illegible] the loss and inconvenience which [illegible] account of faithless post-officers and [illegible] The New York Evening Post, a pa[illegible] known suppliance entitles it to confi[illegible] justice of its course in this particular [illegible]es that it is shameful to be compelled [illegible] then to lose subscribers because they [illegible]r papers with any regularity; and the [illegible]blican, a print which seldom has but one [illegible]lorification of the dominant authority—[illegible] piteous chidings, the uncertainty which [illegible] reception of that sheet, among its pa[illegible]de at only a short distance from the [illegible]. When such devoted party folios as the two [illegible]oned, are compelled to cry out from ac[illegible] and hardship, we may well believe there is [illegible] for it; since their supervisors generally [illegible]ions for the sake of their side, and are [illegible] main, to suffer long, and yet be kind. [illegible] that one reason why a week or more, on [illegible] consumed before this paper reaches its [illegible] Burlington county, (N. J.) is, that the [illegible]ly all the towns in that region proceed [illegible]nswick! which circumstance, connected [illegible]casional detention for a few days at the [illegible], and the cow or terrapin speed, so called, [illegible]aper mails, usually, may explain the de[illegible]. We have heard, furthermore, from undoubted [illegible] that the New York papers are received at [illegible] via Philadelphia! What a change has fal[illegible] these matters, since the days when John [illegible] controlled and directed the transportation of [illegible]. We make no invidious or partizan com[illegible] we suggest facts, and leave those who are [illegible] in our strictures, to draw their inferences. [illegible]mbrances which are sometimes thrown in [illegible] of publishers, by post-masters near them, are [illegible] grievous enough to be borne, and are fur[illegible] extra-judicial. The convenience of those [illegible]ve great numbers of letters weekly, and who [illegible]tunes exposed to loss from the trickery of [illegible]dents, ought to be consulted by post-masters; [illegible] amenity of that class of officers, according to [illegible], has heretofore been actively exercised in their [illegible]. Of late, however, we do not receive so much [illegible]; and we are likely to suffer many gross imposi[illegible] which must remain unredressed, solely because [illegible]ality which has never before been required of [illegible]d which is entirely incompatible with our busi[illegible] will render redress in a measure impossible.

[illegible] reports of the harvest in Pennsylvania, are in [illegible]l very favourable. In Beaver county, as we [illegible] from the Argus, the farmers are now gathering [illegible] fruits of their labor and toil. The crops are [illegible]ant, and amply repay the cultivator of the soil [illegible] industry. The wheat, barley, and rye, through[illegible] country, are very good this year, and the oats, [illegible] &c. promise very fair.

[illegible]man named GEORGE FURSEY was arrested in [illegible]n, a short time since, and examined on a charge [illegible]wing maliciously and feloniously stabbed two po[illegible]fficers. It appeared in evidence, that the prisoner [illegible]eaded a mob, carrying in his hand an *American* [illegible] The object in view by the mob is not definitely [illegible] in the long report which we find in the Morning [illegible]d, but it is alleged that when the police called upon [illegible]y to surrender, he refused, and shouting "liberty or [illegible]," he made an attack upon the two officers near[illegible] him, whom he seriously injured. The prisoner [illegible]d to offer any defence, and was committed to

The Post Office advertising—the list of letters remaining in the office—has been taken from the American Sentinel, and given to another morning paper, which supports the pretensions of Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency. This movement has occasioned some surprise among the politicians of the city. The orthodoxy of the Sentinel, as a high-toned Jackson paper, has never been questioned; and this withdrawal of patronage from the establishment, seems to show that more than *Jacksonism* is now required to please the leaders of the party.

It is undoubtedly the intention of the law, that the Post Office advertising shall be given to those papers having the greatest circulation, but this injunction has not, for years, been complied with in this city. Newspapers, having a *limited* subscription list, decidedly inferior to that of others, have been favoured with the job; and this system, it appears, is to be continued, though the interests of the whole community suffer in consequence.

If a change were necessary, why was it not made with a view to the benefit of the public?

It is stated that the murderer CLOUGH, who is to suffer the penalty of the law, on Friday next, is now engaged in preparing a sketch of his life, to be published after the execution. Of late he has been frequently visited by clergymen and others, with a view to draw his attention to devotional exercises. Hopes are entertained that the miserable man is aware of his awful situation, and that he strives to be prepared for another world. The spot selected for his execution, is that which was occupied by the gallows on which a coloured woman suffered, about a year ago. It is in the immediate vicinity of Mount Holly.

Our city has been favoured, during a part of the present week, with a visit from a volunteer company of New York, called the *Tompkins Blues*—a beautiful corps, commanded by an able and efficient captain, who has instilled into his company an ample knowledge of that system of tactics with which he seems to be so perfectly acquainted. The company landed on Tuesday at Kensington, and proceeded, with a numerous escort, through some of our principal streets to the State House, where they underwent a most creditable and animated review. They proceeded to Bush Hill, their place of encampment, and visited Walnut Street Theatre, by invitation of the managers, on the evening of their arrival.

During their stay, the Blues have received numerous marks of favour from our citizens generally. They partook of sundry entertainments, and visited some of our prominent public institutions—the United States Mint, Academy of Fine Arts, the Navy Yard, &c. They have made an impression of the most favourable kind, by their private urbanity and excellence in discipline; and we may presume are gratified with their reception. To-day has been appointed for their departure, and they will probably reach home this evening.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following communication:

Lake Bistineau, is a beautiful sheet of water, lying in Claiborne Parish, Louisiana, in north latitude 32° 30'. The length of the lake is about forty miles, and it is from one to five miles in width. The banks are still a wilderness, there being but one settlement, and a temporary warehouse on the lake, yet there is no place in the United States that promises more advantages to settler, than the vicinity of this spot. The land is very rich, producing corn, cotton, potatoes, peas, beans, and every thing that man can desire, in great abundance. The navigation of the lake is good to New Orleans, for steamboats, which frequently run through the mouth of Docheat, taking away cotton, and bringing back supplies to the people of the parish.

The neighbourhood of this lake is a most eligible place for emigrants. Here their fondest hopes may be realized. The forests abound with all kinds of game; springs and brooks lie scattered in profusion all over the country. The extensive timber found here, is a never failing source of wealth, as the coast of Red River, Mississippi, and the city of New Orleans, will always afford a ready market for all kinds of lumber. Fish, of all kinds, are caught in the greatest profusion in the lake; and in the winter season, it is literally covered with wild fowl, such as ducks, geese, and swans.

At some other time I will send you a description of Lakes Bodeau, Swan, and Black, all of which are located in this Parish, which is almost as large as some of the old states.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 2d inst. a Mrs. Ewalt, the wife of Mr. Isaac Ewalt, near New Vernon, (Ohio,) in the absence of her husband and the rest of the household, procured a razor and cut her throat in a very frightful manner. Mr. E. and her sister on entering the room, just as she had accomplished the fatal act, discovered her on the floor, where she had thrown herself in the agonies of death; they raised her in their arms, when she exclaimed "*let me die!*" and with these last words, she expired. Her health had been for some time delicate, and it is supposed the depression of spirits consequent upon such a state, impelled her to the fatal act.

The Charleston, (S. C.) Patriot, of the 8th inst. gives the particulars of the recent murder of Mr. William Patton, a respectable merchant of Abbeville district. It appears that Mr. Patton, left Abbeville for the western country, in company with a man by the name of Bennett Dooly. They were seen together at various places on the road within two miles of Cumberland mountain, near the top of which Mr. Patton's body was found shockingly mangled, having evidently been beaten to death. Mr. Patton is supposed to have had about $4000 in money about him, with which he intended to purchase land in Alabama, and which no doubt was the cause of his murder. Dooly lives in Tennessee, at the head of Elk river; he returned home after the commission of the murder, and remained one night, and then started for Texas; and had been pursued, but not apprehended, on the 14th June. The murder was committed, it is supposed, about the 10th. Dooly was seen on Mr. Patton's horse the same day.

We learn from the Boston Centinel, of Saturday, that the jury in the case of the Commonwealth against W. J. SNELLING, editor of the Galaxy, for a libel on Justice Whitman, returned a verdict of Guilty, on the day previous. Mr. Snelling, it will be remembered, was instrumental in bringing to punishment, not long since, a number of unprincipled gamblers; and in the course of his articles upon that subject, he animadverted, rather harshly, upon the conduct of Esquire Whitman. The following is the offensive paragraph:—

"After two days and nights' consideration, we now sit down in order to give Mr. Whitman an opportunity to see how he stands in the opinion of great and small. We accuse him of disgracing his office, of perverting law; which, bad as it is, is yet worse in such hands; of doing injustice on his seat, of descending from his official dignity, of suffering personal feelings to interfere with the discharge of his functions. We do not pretend that we have related all of the above conversation with minute accuracy, or that we may not have forgotten some trivial circumstances; but that it is correct, in substance, we pledge our sacred honour, and would pledge our life, if it could be pledged. If we do not prove the same in a court of law, let us suffer the extremity of the statute, and be ever after held up to public scorn as a monster. Let Judge Whitman choke a week or so on this pill, and we have one or two more, as hard to swallow, in reserve. These, bitter as they are, are not the words of passion, but the deliberate expression of our conviction respecting the duty we owe to ourself and our country. We think we shall do justice to God and man by removing this unjust magistrate from the seat he disgraces."

The Court sentenced Mr. Snelling to sixty days' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of fifty dollars. An appeal has been made to the Supreme Court. Another action for damages, brought by Amos S. Allen, against Mr. Snelling, was concluded on the same day. The jury found a verdict of "guilty." In the case of the friends of the late Mrs. Susan E. Munroe, vs. Snelling, for a libel on the memory of the deceased, the defendant retracted his plea of not guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the Court. Sentence will not be passed until the next term. In the mean time, it is expected that Mr. Snelling will make satisfactory explanations through the columns of his paper.

A student of Washington College, C. M. PATRICK HENRY DENT, about 17 years of age, on Tuesday last, fell from a cherry tree in the neighbourhood of the College, and sustained so much injury that he died on the following Thursday. The height from which he fell was 17½ feet. Mr. Dent was from Port Tobacco, Md. and is spoken of as having been an attentive student, estimable in his character and deportment. His remains were followed to the grave by the faculty and students of the college, who at a meeting on the day previous resolved to wear crape thirty days, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

A correspondent of the Alexandria Gazette states, that Mr. Brett was killed by lightning, the other day, in the upper part of Prince William; he had retired out of the rain, and taken shelter under a shock of wheat, which was struck by the electric fluid.

From the Arkansas Gazette, of June 19th, we gather some additional particulars of the late destructive freshet in the Arkansas River. Above Little Rock the injury from the flood has been great. Thousands of acres of corn and other crops have been swept away, together with many dwellings and outhouses; and along the river some of the finest plantations have been completely ruined by the falling in of the banks. The river has made several deep channels through lands never before inundated, and upon which fine crops were growing. For several miles above and below Little Rock, all the plantations on the north side of the Arkansas, are under water.

Besides the loss of property, distress has been occasioned by the drowning of several citizens. Bodies have been seen floating by Little Rock. The steamboat Arkansas, on a late occasion, while a short distance from the town, was beckoned to by a female, who appeared to be in a tree top near the shore, about 20 miles below Little Rock. The current being very strong, it was sometime before the boat could be rounded to, with safety, during which the woman was lost sight of; and when they again came in sight of the place where she stood, she had disappeared. It is supposed she was drowned, as the banks appeared to be too much inundated for her to have retreated into the woods.

Calvin Hobert, a resident of Massillon, (Ohio,) committed suicide on the *Fourth*, by throwing himself into the canal, near that village. It is stated that although he had for some years been in the habit of taking his daily glass, he had never until recently been considered intemperate. The habit had been gradually increasing upon him, and he has finally fallen a sad victim to the great destroyer. He has left a wife and two children, and numerous other relations, to mourn the unfortunate infatuation and death of a husband, father and friend.

The splendid *panorama of the City of Mexico* continues to attract crowds of visitors, daily and nightly, to the Washington Hall, south Third street. It is unquestionably the most attractive and interesting spectacle now exhibited in this city, and deserving the attention of all strangers who may have an hour to spare for entertainment or curiosity while visiting us.

In Montreal, not long since, several individuals were arrested, who for years perhaps, have been depredating extensively upon the property of others. In a late robbery a number of gold eagles were stolen, and one of them led to the detection of the thieves. It was presented at a store for change, and immediately recognized. The person who tendered it was a female named Mary Sheldon, who was found to be then preparing for a journey to Halifax. She implicated her son, a lad of seventeen, and three other boys, all of them younger than himself. The female officiated as the receiver of the goods, and in searching her trunks, a large quantity of valuables was found. According to the confessions of the young desperadoes, they have been in the thieving business for a number of years, purloining money and property, on all possible occasions. They were all committed to prison.

After publishing the complaining letter of a subscriber from Newport, (R. I.) who could not get his paper with any regularity, the New York American appends to it the following remarks. We have a great disposition to collect, ere long, a column or two of these querulous morceaux, for publication in the Post. They would show, we think, pretty conclusively, the state of public feeling and opinion on the subject. The closing sentence of the paragraph annexed, contains a wish, in the justice of which we entirely coincide:—

"We publish, without expecting to remedy, the above complaint. The newspaper mail throughout the country seems to be made the instrument of relief to the contractors for the extra expense and labour—for which, however, they get extra compensation—of what are called the fast mails for letters. Would that the compensation of the Post Master General were graduated by the regularity of his mails!"

A brute of a fellow, named *Lawrence Leary*, was recently arrested in London, for wrenching out the teeth of a squirrel, with a pair of scissors. He said he had been provoked to the act, the squirrel having bitten his finger, and as the animal was his own, he alleged that the court had no right to punish him. The court nevertheless fined him 60 shillings, and sentenced him to six month's imprisonment.

NOTICE.—The attention of the friends of popular Education is respectfully directed to the object of the advertisement O. O. in another column.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. Littell and Holden, in addition to their excellent and cheap periodicals, the Museum and the Dollar Magazine, are now publishing a neat and valuable little work, in 24mo., entitled *Illustrations of Political Economy*—a series of tales by Miss Harriet Martineau, of London. We have not yet had time to read the two numbers already published, but are informed that they are of the most interesting description, got up under the patronage of one of the London societies for the purpose of encouraging the dissemination of useful knowledge among the people.

Example, or Family Scenes.—This is the title of a neat and handsome volume, which has just issued from the press of Messrs. Key & Biddle, of this city. How many "family scenes" are there, which would present dangerous examples to the younger members? How carefully should these be avoided, and those of a contrary tendency and character be increased? Salutary lessons in this matter, conveyed in impressive incidents and skilful language, may be found in the volume before us. It is evidently, so far as we can judge from a cursory perusal, the product of no ordinary mind.—A spirit of candour and philanthrophy, and a keen observation of the world, are displayed through its pages; and we feel that we render mere justice to the author, when we thus record our estimate of his merits.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just published the second number of the *Select Library of French Literature*. This work is very beautifully executed, and contains a large quantity of good matter. With the French Library, published by Waldie, another superior work, we should suppose that French residents in this country, would find their wishes for their own literature abundantly supplied.

THE MOTHER'S MANUAL.—We are gratified to learn that the rapid sale of this work, has already called for a second and a larger edition. The testimony in favour of this volume is decided and unequivocal, and cannot but be gratifying to the intelligent and philanthropic author. In the preparation of this edition, Mr. Carll has taken pains to enlarge and improve the Manual, though without altering the original design. The illustrations in this volume, are not less than three hundred, all of which are correctly explained, and adapted to infant instruction.

The work may be obtained of Mr. Thomas T. Ash, 148, Chesnut street.

BICKNELL'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—This monthly publication, issued in a pamphlet form, is becoming every day more popular. The great increase of counterfeiting in the United States, and the skill and ingenuity of the rogues in making a fair imitation, render the Detector indispensably necessary to merchants and store-keepers. No one, not well acquainted with bank notes, can at all times detect a counterfeit bill; but he who studies Bicknell closely, and has his work by, for reference, will surely not be imposed upon. Bicknell is exceedingly attentive to his business, and though a very honest man, we believe he knows more about "spurious bills," than any body else in the state.

The Daughter's Own Book, is an elegant volume which Messrs. Lilly, Wait, Colman, and Holden have just published in Boston. These gentlemen are making continual additions to the good books with which the press of this country is now teeming. The present work is no less beautiful than valuable. It is filled with those salutary maxims and directions, which no daughter can follow without benefit to herself, or without adding to the graces with which nature may have favored her; and no parent could behold a child, acting from such directions, without a feeling of honest pride. We always feel a pleasure in commending such volumes to the notice and patronage of the public.

The last number of Harper's Family Library, (LVI.) embraces that excellent work, "The Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature," by Robert Mudie, the eminent author of the British Naturalist. He has treated his subject with the skill of an observer, and the taste of a practised writer. We can scarcely conceive a theme more attractive in description or reality, than the one upon which this *Guide* would lead the way. To those who have contemplative minds, and delight in Nature, we can cordially recommend this volume, the author of which seems to have found

"Lessons in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The editor of the Chambersburg Telegraph is informed that the only compensation we offered for publishing the prospectus of the Book of Nature, (as far as our recollection serves,) was a copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year. Does he receive the Post? It is forwarded regularly to the Post Office to his address.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"To Laura," and "Woman's Smile,"—the latter with variations—we very respectfully decline inserting.

The Question, by Nora, is one of antiquity, with which all students of Bennett's Arithmetic, are familiar. The Charade, by the same hand, is too complimentary for our columns.

"W. H. A." has made a mistake—he cannot write poetry, and the sooner he abandons the attempt the better.

"Come back to me," and "The Voice of the Stream," by C. H. W., will be published at an early day.

"W. S." should apply himself to the study of syntax for a few months. His orthography is "shocking—positively shocking."

"The Lovers," by N. F. C., is miserably told affair, scarcely passable as a schoolboy production.

Our fair correspondent, *Dorcasina*, is "deserving of countenance," as a lady who writes a beautiful hand, and expresses courteous compliments; but she writes too easily, and therefore overlooks errors, which, though pardonable in prose, are indefensible in metre.

"Erro" shall appear.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 12.—Received from		*Received from*	
Peter Shnyder,	$12 00	W. Moody, Esq.	5 00
John W. Jones,	4 00	Geo. [illegible], Esq.	30 00
N. Billings,	2 50	Nath. R. Felton, Esq.	6 00
Caleb S. Layton,	4 00	*July 16.*	
Horace Davenport,	4 00	R. A. Worrell, N. C.	10 00
Alfred S. Ferguson,	2 00	Anthony Buell,	2 00
R. A. Worrell,	20 00	George Rix,	2 00
David Pitkin,	2 00	Joseph C. Bassett,	2 00
Rich. Booth, Esq.	10 00	John Lambie,	2 00
J. W. Robinson, Esq.	6 00	Edw. V. Belt,	5 00
James Bell, Esq.	15 00	R. L. Baker,	1 00
Thomas Hall, Esq.	2 00	James Wells, Esq.	10 00
J. Arrowsmith, Esq.	5 00	*July 17.*	
Arthur Smith, Esq.	5 00	J. Rodgers,	5 00
David Wheeler, Esq.	3 00	Wm. French,	3 00
R. L. Humphreys, esq.	5 00	Hector Adams, Esq.	10 00
July 13.		Riving Camp, Esq.	1 00
Samuel Lundy,	2 00	William Allen, Esq.	4 00
E. Baker,	3 00	Chesy Loomis, Esq.	2 00
J. Beebe, Esq.	2 00	L. Thyer, Esq.	1 00
J. L. Wolcott, Esq.	2 00	*July 18.*	
G. F. Horton, Esq.	5 00	C. Goodrich,	2 00
J. P. Andrews, Esq.	2 00	W. H. Sayre,	40 00
W. Abernethy, Esq.	15 00	G. S. Parker,	8 10
P. T. Posey, Esq.	3 00	Robt. J. Chester,	2 00
J. E. Hollester, Esq.	2 00	John Gibson,	3 00
D. D. Whitmore, esq.	1 00	Beach & Dayton,	2 00
Joseph F. Lewis,	2 00	F. P. Ferris,	5 00
Capt. Jona. Bowers,	5 00	A. Lawson,	15 00
Hiram Clark,	6 00	Peter Saylord, Esq.	1 00
Jacob Snider,	21 60	James Dewitt, Esq.	1 00
July 15.		B. Baldwin, Esq.	2 50
Edw. Paine,	3 00	James Beckwith, esq.	5 00
Abm. Haupt,	5 00	How Kennedy, Esq.	2 00
M. S. Whitney,	2 00	Adam Whann, Esq.	5 00
E. P. Hill,	5 00	R. Johnson, Esq.	1 25
Simeon Hart,	6 00	Saml. [illegible] Meredith,	5 00
Sylvester Marcy,	2 00	N. C. Brooks,	3 00
John Philbrick, Esq.	1 25	Moses Crume, Esq.	1 00
John Lynn, Jr. Esq.	5 00	Daniel H. Kerry, esq.	5 00
Wm. J. Langley,	2 00	John Miller, Esq.	20 00
G. B. Baldwin, Esq.	2 00	Geo. Davenport, Esq.	5 00
Wm. Gay, Esq.	2 00		

We copy from the Philadelphia Gazette, of Thursday, a notice of the important trial now pending before the Chancery of New Jersey, between the two parties of the Society of Friends. The writer, to distinguish the sects, has applied to each the appellation by which they are generally recognized in the community. These terms, it is proper to add, are not acknowledged by the parties themselves, and we adopt the language of the writer simply to prevent confusion in the sketch.

QUAKER TRIAL IN TRENTON, N. J.

To the Editors of the Philadelphia Gazette.

TRENTON, (N. J.) WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 17th, 1833.

The Court of Errors and Appeals—composed of the Governor and members of Council, one from each county in the state—convened yesterday, and organized for business, the cause for argument being the important case between the two parts of the Society of Friends, commonly called Orthodox and Hicksites, involving the right to the possession of certain property. In consequence of the absence of George Wood, one of the council for the Orthodox, the Court adjourned over to this morning, when all the members of the Court appeared, except two—Mr. Board of Bergen, and Mr. Carter, of Warren county. The cause was then opened by Garret D. Wall, who read the pleadings filed in the case, on the part of the Hicksites. He was followed by George Wood, who read those filed on the part of the Orthodox, which occupied the Court nearly two hours. He was followed by S. L. Southard, who read the interpleadings on the part of the Hicksites.

The members of the Court, with the Governor, sitting in this case, are—Dr. Clawson, Vice President of Council, of Salem; Judge Wood, of Morris; Peter I. Clark, of Hunterdon; I. Townsend, of Cape May; James S. Green, of Somerset; Daniel Holmes, of Monmouth; Wm. Champion, of Burlington; Wm. Merkle, of Sussex; and John T. M'Dowell, of Middlesex: two members being absent; and two—J. Kaighn, of Gloucester, and I. H. Williamson, of Essex—being ineligible to a seat in this suit, the first being a member of the Society of Friends, and the last being one of the Council for the Orthodox. There is no member of Council from Cumberland besides the Governor, who was elected to Council, and afterwards appointed Governor.

It is yet uncertain when the regular summing up of the pleadings of the council will commence. If the reading of evidence, which is very voluminous, is dispensed with, it will probably be opened by G. D. Wall, on the part of the Hicksites, this afternoon, or to-morrow morning. He will be followed by George Wood and the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, on the part of the Orthodox; and the whole will be closed by the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, on the part of the Hicksites.

Great interest is felt, both on account of the importance of the trial and the very high standing and talents of the council, on both sides of the question. In addition to the above named gentlemen, who will take part in the argument, I. H. Williamson assists in preparing and arranging the case on the part of the Orthodox. The Court meets regularly at 9, A. M., and 3, P. M., sitting six hours each day. The Secretary of the Court, Judge Wescoat, has taken pains to have the Supreme Court Room fitted up in a very convenient manner for the occassion. This room is very large and airy, and capable of containing a large number of spectators; although numbers are now here from Philadelphia and the adjoining counties, yet hundreds more might be accommodated without inconvenience.

CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT IN SCHOOLS.

Peter B. Good, a teacher in the city of New York, was last week convicted, at the Court of Sessions, of an aggravated assault and battery on a young lady, 16 years of age, one of his scholars, whom, by way of chastisement, he struck a great number of blows with a rattan, so severe as to leave the marks on her person for a long time afterwards. In passing sentence upon the prisoner, the Recorder alluded to affidavits submitted by him for mitigation of punishment, and which aimed to establish three points, viz.: that the prisoner's character had always been good; that the chastisement was not too severe for the offence; and that being an Englishman, he had mistaken the extent of chastisement allowed by our laws. The conduct of the pupil, he remarked, was no doubt contumacious; but the proper measure of chastisement was that which would have been inflicted in the like case, by a prudent and discreet father, who would hardly have had recourse to personal violence—certainly not in public.

A resort to the rod for the government of children, he thought a measure of doubtful expediency in any case, as tending to destroy the finer feelings of their natures, and thus doing more harm than good. The better course was to appeal to their reason, with a view of rendering their good conduct the result of principles rather than fear, which was degrading to the character. The court, he said, had duly considered the affidavits, which had been submitted. The prisoner's previous good character, and the alleged mistake, which, as a foreigner, he had been led into, had had their weight in mitigation of his punishment. Something nevertheless was due to the violated laws, and the outraged peace of the community—something, which, without operating to his ruin, should effectually deter him from indulging in an irascible temper in future. The Court therefore sentenced him to pay a fine of $50, with costs, and to stand committed until the same should be paid.

The good citizens of Meadville, (Pa.) as appears by the Messenger of that place, have been most gloriously gulled by a travelling Fire King, who visited them about two weeks since, making a wonderful parade of his great exploits. Having previously made two or three foolish exhibitions, on Tuesday last, he borrowed from a gentleman a horse and wagon to go to Rockville, eight miles distant. Here, on the following day, he sold the whole concern for 53 dollars, and made off towards Erie, and has not since been heard of. Besides this trick, he contrived to run in debt with the printer, the landlord, and several other gentlemen, all of whom are left to whistle for their money. The name of this Fire King is Joseph Rickey; he is about 22 years old, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches in height, red hair, face freckled, stoops a little. He wore a blue frock coat, black hat, and was in his whole appearance slovenly and unprepossessing.

Theatre—Walnut Street.

Mr. Rice begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that his farewell benefit and positively his last appearance will take place, *this evening*, on which occasion will be presented a new Ethiopian operatic drama, in one act, called Oh! HUSH! or the Virginny Cupids, as performed in New York, and Boston with great applause. COMRADES & FRIENDS having been received with approbation, will be repeated this evening. Mr. Ingersoll will appear. Mr. Rice as Jim Crow and Jeremy Didler. On Monday Mrs. Rowbotham's benefit, when will be produced the grand musical drama of ALADIN, or the Wonderful Lamp.

ALMANACK.

1833. JULY.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.	D. H. M.
20 SATURDAY,	4 46	7 14	4 9		
21 SUNDAY,	4 47	7 13	4 51		
22 MONDAY,	4 48	7 12	5 35		
23 TUESDAY,	4 49	7 11	6 22		
24 WEDNESDAY,	4 49	7 11	7 21	Full	1 7 32
25 THURSDAY,	4 50	7 10	8 35	Last	9 11 6
26 FRIDAY,	4 51	7 9	9 56	New	17 1 9
27 SATURDAY,	4 52	7 8	11 -	First	23 4 33

Post Office.—Arrival and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVALS.		CLOSES.	
Eastern	about 6 A. M.	Eastern	at 3 P. M.
Southern	3 to 7 P. M.	Southern	5 A. M.
Western	4 & 6 P. M.	Western	1 A. M. & 3 P. M.

ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS.—A Stated meeting will be held at No. 229 Arch street, this evening, 20th inst. at half past 7 o'clock. J. O'CONNOR, Rec. Sec.

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday morning, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Furness, Mr. CALEB S. WRIGHT, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Mr. George Mellor, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. A. Barnes, Mr. J. E. ELDRIDGE, to Miss CORNELIA, daughter of the late John Crowley, Esq. all of this city.

At Upper Alloway township, Salem county, N. J. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Porter, Mr. JOHN P. MCCLUNE, of Salem, to Miss ELIZABETH SICKLER, of Upper Alloways Creek, Salem county.

In Mifflintown, Pa. by the Rev. John Hutchinson, Gen. JOHN FORSTER, to Mrs. MARGARET STEWART, of the former place.

In Harrisburg, by the Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. ROBERT J. ROSS, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Jacob M. Haldeman, Esq. of Harrisburg.

At Friends' Meeting, Darby, Delaware county, on the 13th ult. HALLIDAY JACKSON, to ANN P. PORCHASE.

In this city, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. John S. Porter, JAMES D. SAFFORD, to Miss CATHARINE CONVILLE.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. B. Keller, Mr. JOHN EVERETT, of Mount Airy, to Miss SARAH ANN FLOWERS, of Philadelphia.

On the 21st June, by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, Mr. JOSEPH DALLAS, to Miss MARY MILLER, both of Philad.

On the 12th inst. by Alderman Laws, Mr. WILLIAM DONALDSON, to SARAH GOHEEN, both of Manayunk.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. JOHN T. OGDEN, to Miss CATHARINE A. GRANT, all of Southwark.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. L. M'Calla, Mr. PETER TURNER to Miss SUSAN PIERCE, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, JOHN M. THOMAS to MARGARET M'CAULY, of Southwark.

DEATHS.

At Wheeling, Va. on the 23d ult. of Cholera, AMELIA, wife of James Baker, of Wheeling, and only daughter of John Roberts, of Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.

At Glassborough, N. J. of a lingering illness, JOHN CARNEY.

In Cincinnati, on Monday, 8th inst. of Cholera, RICHARD G. RIDDLE, of the Theatre, and twin brother of Miss Eliza Riddle, of the Arch street Theatre, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. of Consumption, ELIZABETH P. daughter of the late Benjamin Cresson.

In Petersburg, Va. of Apoplexy, on the 6th instant, FRANCIS G. YANCEY, Senior Editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer, and Commercial Advertiser.

In Luzerne county, Pa. on the 7th inst. Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, wife of Mr. Abraham Johnson, aged about 60 years.

In Pittsburg, on the 4th inst. Mrs. MARY ROBINSON, consort of Mr. Thomas Robinson, merchant, of that city, in the 54th year of her age.

On Sunday afternoon, after a lingering illness, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. GEORGE STOCKMAN.

On the 2d inst. in the township, of Alexandria, in New Jersey, ELEANOR, wife of Paul Apgar. The deceased was struck by lightning in an open field she was crossing, on her return from a visit to one of her neighbours.

At Woodside, near Burlington, N. J. on the 13th inst. ANTHONY N. TAYLOR, in the 29th year of his age.

On Friday afternoon, of last week, Captain ROBERT GILL, in the 91st year of his age.

On Wednesday, July the 10th, Mr. HENRY STUARD, in the 75th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of Kensington District—the first establisher of Calico Printing in Germantown, Philadelphia co.

On Saturday, July 13, Mr. JOHN W. SCHWEPPENHEISER, merchant, aged 22 years.

Near Willow Grove, of Consumption, on the 9th inst. FRANCIS CADWALLADER, of this city, in the 31st year of his age.

On Wednesday week, at the Mount Lewis Glass Works, Mr. GEORGE HARKMAN, Glass Blower. We understand that the deceased had a family in Washington City.

[illegible] uncle, Harbeson Kintzing, in the vicinity of Willow Grove, ANN GRAVENSTINE KINTZING, aged 16 years, daughter of Tench C. Kintzing.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. ELIZABETH SNELL, in the 56th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. WILLIAM V. SHERBORN.

On Monday evening, SUSAN F. daughter of Robert S. Johnson, in the 15th year of her age.

In Bridgeton, West N. Jersey, on Sunday, 14th inst. Mr. WILLIAM STEVENS, in the 26th year of his age, formerly of this city.

In New York, suddenly, on Sunday afternoon, in the 19th year of her age, GEORGIANA, wife of Jefferson B. Nones, and daughter of Thomas Dibin, of Philada.

At Eastport, 9th inst. Mr. BENJAMIN FOLSOM, editor and publisher of the Eastport Sentinel, aged 43. He died suddenly, while sitting in his chair.

A Revolutionary Patriot gone!—In Williamsburgh, Mr. AMASA CLEVELAND, aged 77.

Another!—In New Boston, N. H., Mr. AARON HOWARD, aged 72.

Yet Another!—In Barnstable, Mass., Mr. JAMES P. FREEMAN, aged 76.

And Another!—In Latchfield, Conn., Captain JOHN PHELPS, aged 77. He received his pension certificate on the day of his death.

DIED, at Frank Island, of Cholera, on the evening of the 18th June, Captain JOHN NEWMAN, keeper of the Light House at the N. E. Pass of the River Mississippi, aged about 57 years, a native of Newbern, N. C. Captain Newman's daring exploits with the enemy, during the last war, are conspicuous and familiar to many. The precarious visitation and alarming extent of the dreadful Cholera, is peculiarly exemplified in the above case. Of six persons, attendants of the N. E. Light, consisting of Capt. Newman, his four slaves, and a hired white man, three died of Cholera on the afternoon of the 18th, sparing three slaves only out of six persons.

DIED, of Hydrophobia, on Friday, the 28th June, ANNE, daughter of Robert Mitchell, of Jones' Neck, in Kent county, Del., in the 16th year of her age. The family never suspected the nature of her disease, until the morning of the day upon which she died; when, upon being asked by one of them if she had not been bitten by a dog, she replied, that she had not been bitten, but that she had allowed a little dog, which had subsequently run off, and been killed as mad, to lick a small sore, produced by a scratch, upon her heel; medical aid was then resorted to for the first time.

The deceased appeared to retain her senses perfectly throughout her illness, and evinced not the slightest disposition to injure any one in attendance. She lived twenty-eight days from the period when the virus is supposed to have been communicated—five days from the commencement of her indisposition—and fifty-four hours after the convulsive sensations at the sight of water, gave the first clue to the nature of her disease.

There were 113 deaths in this city during the week ending the 13th of July—74 of which were children. By consumption there were 16, small pox 5, summer complaint 12. 44 were under one year of age. 8 were from the Almshouse—and 16 people of colour.

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 2d inst. says—"The interments during the month of June, within the corporate limits of the city, (including subjects from the parish of Jefferson) were 1061—859 at the Catholic cemetery, 202 at the Protestant."

The number of interments in New York, during the week ending on Saturday, was 126. In the corresponding week of 1831, the interments were 143—and in that of last year, when the cholera was prevailing, the number was 510.

There were 58 deaths in Baltimore during the past week—males 29—females 29. Thirty-nine were under five years of age.

Wanted

50 SHIRT Makers, and a few Vest and Pantaloon makers, who can find immediate employ by applying at No. 31 Market street. july 20—2t

Type Foundry for Sale.

IN consequence of ill health, the subscriber is disposed to sell the well established Type Foundry, at present owned by J. Howe & Co. It comprises a very full and choice selection of the most beautiful Type in America; the matrices having been selected with care from several of the best Type Foundries in the United States. To those who have not the convenience of referring to the book of specimens of this Foundry, he would say that all the founts from Canon to Nonpareil—both inclusive—are not surpassed by any similar sizes in any Foundry in the United States. Of Pica there are 2 numbers, of Small Pica 3, Long Primer 3, Bourgeois 2 and a 3d in progress, Brevier 2, Minion 3, Nonpareil 2; besides a large assortment of Fancy Type. The German Type is also of the best and most tasteful cut, and comprises the following: Double English, Great Primer, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion and Nonpareil. It is desired to dispose of the whole establishment:—Type on hand, Metal, &c., together with the book debts, the last at a fair valuation, and the whole very low, and on reasonable terms. Good real estate, for part, would not be objected to.

The transfer of the establishment would be made on the 1st of December next.

Should it not be sold by that time, a Partner would be taken: a man of established character and active business habits. ☞All applications by mail must be post paid.

J. HOWE.

Philadelphia, July 6th, 1833. july 9—law3t

COMMUNICATION.

HAVING a short time since completed a course of Lectures with *R. Megonegal*, at the S. W. corner of Sixth and Race street, on his much improved system of Book-Keeping, I have found it far superior to the system that I had originally learnt and to the various systems now extant, that I have since compared it with. His system of penmanship for ease, elegance and rapidity, far excels any thing that I have ever seen, the very fact of his having men of long business habits receiving lectures on his systems of Book-Keeping and Penmanship, who [illegible] them having spent twenty years in a mercantile life, and even at a late period made efforts with other teachers, but could not sever their long settled erroneous habits until the application of these new rules of R. M's, and with them all was accomplished in an unprecedented short time. His principles on book-keeping possess such qualities as to be entitled to the attention of every man. J. SHOEMAKER.

7th mo. 19th, 1833. july 20—1t

BOOK OF NATURE—No. 3.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST, containing ten elegant plates, viz.

Plate 21. *Quadrupeds*. Lion, Lioness and young.
—— 22. *Ornithology*. Parrots, 7 species; *finely coloured*.
—— 23. *Ornithology*. Partridge, &c. 7 species.
—— 24. *Mammalia*. Whales, &c. 3 species.
—— 25. *Amphibia*. Chameleons, Lizards, &c. 5 species.
—— 26. *Mammalia*. Bats, 5 species.
—— 27. *Conchology*. Nine figures of shells.
—— 28. *Botany*. 10 Classes of Linnæus.
—— 29. *Entomology*. White Ants.
—— 30. *Vermeology*. Genus Asterias, 6 figures.

By an inspection of this No. it will be found the work is advancing in beauty and interest. *After the first of August the price to all new subscribers will be $4 a year; $25 for five copies for one year; $2 for 3 Nos.; 75 cents for one No.*

☞As it is desirable that all possible publicity should be given to the change of the terms, we propose to forward to every publisher who will notice this change, a specimen No. of the work, to be named by themselves.

☞To the queries by a correspondent, whether any difference will be made to those who may have already subscribed, we answer no; no change in terms will be made to them, although we add a large amount of popular descriptive reading, which was not embraced or intended in the original plan; but we do not intend to receive any subscription after the day named for less than the present stipulated price. S. C. ATKINSON.

july 20—tf 12 Hudson's Alley, Philada.

From the Philadelphian, July 19.—THE BOOK OF NATURE.—S. C. Atkinson, Philadelphia, has commenced a monthly quarto publication, of ten printed, and ten engraved pages, under the above title. It is intended to be a condensed survey of the Animal Kingdom, and to contain sketches of botany, vegetable anatomy, geology and mineralogy. It is edited by an association of scientific gentlemen. The first number, now before us, is well executed. It presents beautiful engravings of thirteen birds, five shells, five coloured butterflies, two camels, with a caravan of those animals at a distance, four fishes, three large serpents of the Boa species, and four shell fish, of the crab race, besides a variety of plants. Twelve numbers like this are offered to the public at the moderate price of $3. They would be worth that sum for the initiation of children into the science of Zoology, were they of no other use. It is the reasonable and indispensable condition of subscription to this work that the price shall be paid in advance. We trust the patronage of the work will not be sufficient to warrant its continuance; for its first cost must be great, and require a numerous list of subscribers to pay the printer, engraver and paper-maker any thing for their labour. Cheap we know are all in fashion: and so numerous are they that little cost is indispensable.

Boys' School Wanted.

A TEACHER from Britain, professing the usual branches of English, Commercial, and Mathematical Education, wishes for a situation. Were encouragement offered, he would commence a school in a popular and thriving neighbourhood. His abilities and moral habits are unexceptionable. Having practised improvements (highly important) in tuition, the conductors of Elementary Schools of every description would be benefited by his assistance a few weeks.

Address, post paid, for O. O. at this office. july 20—1t

Wanted.

A WELL qualified teacher to take charge of the Upper Darby Union School: application to be made at No. 8 north Sixth street, or to either of the following committee. None need apply but those who can come well recommended.

DAVID SNYDER, Blockley,
CHAS CADWALLADER, do.
CHAS. SELLERS, Upper Darby. } Committee, july 20—3t*

G. W. Carpenter's

Compound fluid extract of PINK ROOT, (Spigelia Marilandica.) The most effectual Worm-destroying Medicine yet discovered.

THERE is no disease of so extensive a character among children as worms, which aggravate all other diseases, and are the chief cause of Fevers, Bowel Complaints, and Chronic and Nervous diseases incident to childhood, which are numerous and frequently fatal. It is a fact much to be regretted, that thousands of children are swept off, or are rendered feeble, pale and emaciated, through the first stage of life, which leads on to pulmonary complaints, &c. &c. Most of the remedies made use of for this disease are strong drastic medicines of a poisonous character, which debilitate the stomach, and often materially injure the health of patients.—The Oil of Wormseed which has been recommended and prescribed at present by the faculty, is so deteriorated by adulteration and mixture, or the product of inferior seed, that no dependence whatever can be placed upon it. The Worm Tea, as it is commonly called, composed chiefly of Pink Root, is made so very inferior, almost wholly of stalks and leaves, that it is almost worth[less]; and there is no preparation in a convenient form of exhibition which is considered safe and approved of by the faculty. The Pink Root is considered by all who are acquainted with its properties to be one of the safest and most effectual remedies. There is, however, considerable of that which is sold almost worthless, containing but a small portion of the root, it also requires considerable care and attention in extracting its properties, which is not generally done by those unacquainted with pharmaceutical preparations. Under these circumstances, G. W. Carpenter has thought it advisable to prepare an extract of the Spigelia, combined with several of the vegetable remedies most approved of, for the convenience of the faculty, particularly those in the country, and he feels assured he will be supported by them in the introduction of this article, whose composition is known and can be prescribed by them in safety and confidence, and will be the means of putting down the various nostrums introduced by the ignorant and inexperienced, and which are productive of serious evils to the community. This article will be carefully prepared of uniform strength, and can be administered with safety to persons under any circumstances.

Prepared and sold, only, by Geo. W. Carpenter, at his Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market st. Philada. july 20-tf

English Periodicals.

E. LITTELL & T. HOLDEN, 21 Minor Street, Philadelphia, receive subscriptions for

Blackwood's Ed. Magazine,	United Service Journal,
Tait's do. do.	The Examiner,
Fraser's Magazine,	The Spectator,
The Monthly do.	The Athenæum, and
The New Monthly do.	The Comic Magazine,
Monthly Review.	july 20-1mo

Summer Boarding.

In the Pleasant Village of Vincent-town, N. Jersey.

THE subscriber has provided comfortable accommodations for a number of boarders during the summer, at his house in the above mentioned place. Visitors may rely upon every convenience and attention. Independent of his own exertions to please, the situation offers many inducements, being one of the most pleasant and healthy in the neighbourhood.

EDWARD T. BUTTERWORTH, Vincent Town, New Jersey.

A daily conveyance may be had, to and from the place, via Burlington. july 20—[illegible]

Look Here.

THE Legatees of William Thorn, late of the county of Burlington, New Jersey, deceased, are requested to call on the executor and receive the money left to be paid to said Legatees at the death of the widow of said deceased.

Bordentown, 7mo. 6th, 1833. july 20—3t*

To Physicians.

A PHYSICIAN in New Jersey, within forty miles of Philadelphia, whose practice amounts to about twelve hundred dollars a year, wishes to retire from business, and is willing to recommend a Physician into his practice who can come well recommended, on very easy terms. Apply to Dr. Dodson, No. 44 south Fourth street, or Burgin & Pearsall, No. 17, Broad street Philadelphia. july 6—6t

Marshall's Worm Syrup

AND Infant Preservative, is recommended to all parents, nurses and others, who have the management of children, as the most safe and effectual worm destroying medicine yet discovered.

The symptoms denoting the existence of worms, are indigestion, with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard, full and tense belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel, heat and itching sensation about the rectum, the eyes heavy and dull, itching of the nose, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, and starting during sleep, attending with a slow fever.

When these symptoms occur, the worm syrup, if taken according to the directions, will afford relief by destroying the worms and the mucous or slimy matter in which they are involved, and thereby preventing their reproduction.

The proprietor, with a full knowledge of all the different medicines in use for the destruction of worms, can confidently recommend this syrup as the most safe and effectual vermifuge at present known, being entirely free from that deleterious article, pink root, and other dangerous drugs which are sometimes used, and which give rise to vertigo, dimness of sight, dilated pupils, &c.

This syrup, besides being a safe and active vermifuge, is agreeable and pleasant to the taste, and no child will refuse to take it; whereas, all the worm medicines at present in use are so nauseous and disagreeable, that it is difficult to persuade children to take them.

This medicine is also happily calculated for preventing and removing many other disorders to which children in their early infancy are most liable, such as bowel or summer complaints, diarrhœa or looseness, vomiting and purging. It is invaluable for allaying those excruciating pains which children suffer in cutting their teeth, and if previously used, will render this operation of nature perfectly mild and free from danger. It is equally efficacious in the rickets, hooping cough, and in the infantile remittent fever. It may be added, that it is recommended with the assurance that it is fully adequate to the purposes intended, and that much good may be derived from its use, while, from its simplicity and innocence, it cannot do any harm.

DIRECTIONS.—A child under one year old may take half a tea-spoonful once or twice a day; from one to two years old one tea-spoonful morning and night; two to six, one tea-spoonful, morning, noon and night; six to ten, a pap-spoonful, morning and night; grown persons, a table spoonful, morning and night. Price, 50 cts. for large bottles, and 25 cts. for small do.

Prepared and sold at Marshall's Drug and Chemical Store, No. 312 Market street, next door to the Western Bank.

july 20—4t*

Greenbank's Periodical Library.

RECOMMENDATORY Notices.—"Greenbank's Periodical Library," there is evident in the selections and combinations the hand of taste; and we may expect that the publisher will reap richly from the golden harvest which appears to have ripened for those who labour in this field of literature.—*Phil. U. S. Gaz.*

"Greenbank's Periodical Library," it contains much valuable and instructive matter. The seventh number containing the biography and poems of Korner, the celebrated poet and patriot, who perished on the field, fighting for German liberty, will be read with particular interest, especially by the numerous German population of this state; the editor of the Library is evidently a man of cultivated taste.—*Phil. Inq.*

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Mr. Greenbank has displayed much judgment in the selections for his Periodical.—*Phil. Protector.*

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july 20—3t*

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Opinion of Chancellor Kent.

"I have perused the greater part of the MSS. of an elementary digest, or *Catechism of American Law*, designed for common school education, and about to be published by Mr. S. C. Atkinson, of Philadelphia. The part I examined related to the domestic relations, and other topics of jurisprudence, which are discussed in the second volume of my *Commentaries on American Law*; and it appeared to me to be executed with judgment, precision and accuracy, and to be extremely well calculated for the useful purpose intended.

New York, Sept. 10, 1830. JAMES KENT."

Opinion of Chief Justice Marshall.

"After a serious reading of the '*Catechism of American Law*,' I am free to say, I think it well adapted, both in manner and matter, to accomplish the intended purpose. It communicates that general information on legal subjects in which men of business are most frequently interested, with plainness and perspicuity. The magistrate, the merchant, and men of general business, will find it a compendium of useful knowledge, to which they may readily and easily resort. As a school book, it seems to me, to be calculated to impress this knowledge on the youthful mind in a form which will probably adhere to the memory.

"The principles of law appear to me to be correct. In some few instances, especially in the part relating to the rights of persons, a rule is laid down as general, which some of the states have varied by particular enactments. This, in the particular state which may have varied the rule, will be readily perceived, and cannot affect the utility of the work.

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july 13—

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july 13—tf

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may 11—tf

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june 29—6t

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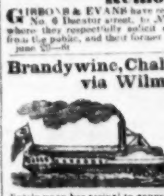

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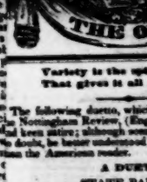

Variety is the spice of Life, That gives it all its flavour.

The following poems, which we have taken from the Nottingham Review, (England) is full of humour and been entire; although some of the points in it will, no doubt, be better understood and felt by the English and Richmond the American reader.

A DUETT.

STATE PAUPER.

When I was born the third of three
An jolly lads as you might see,
Who paid the expense of rearing me?
The People.

PARISH PAUPER.

Who pinned mother's and mudsap,
And gave her pay to give me pap,
And mess me in her own dear lap?
The Parish.

STATE PAUPER.

Who boothes made, and made a fan
Uproarious sat riotous,
And wished my mother more of us?
The People.

BOTH.

When I was come to boy's degree,
Who didn't know what to do with me,
So rag'd me and sent me off to sea?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

When war was up and Bonny down,
And I came back to London town,
Who tipp'd me handsome with a crown?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

For several little slips of grace
That happened in my younger days,
I wonder who the paper pays?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

And now that I've a lawful wife,
Who makes us lead with little strife,
A pretty comfortable life?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

Who knows our means are very small,
And won't refuse us when we call,
And never wants to work at all?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

PARISH PAUPER.

Who pays your house rent every year,
And keeps our rates and taxes clear?
Who buys us gin? Who buys us beer?
The Parish.

STATE PAUPER.

Who gives us tea-free houses free,
And finds us wherewithal to dine,
On turtle and on Bordeaux wine?
The People.

PARISH PAUPER.

When sleeves or shoes are worse for wear,
And toes and elbows getting bare,
Who furnishes another pair?
The Parish.

STATE PAUPER.

Should pheasoos be worse for wees,
Or parks and temples want repair,
Who suffers when we take the air?
The People.

BOTH.

My Parish { how I love that name?
My People { how I love the same?
Thro' grief, thro' joy, thro' grief, thro' blame,
To me they ever were the same.
Kind { Parish.
{ People.

And when I'm dead, as die I must,
And these poor bones return to dust,
Ah! who will bury me? I trust
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

My next door neighbour, beats the tabor,
His children beats the devil;
These's Mr. Morgan, plays the organ,
With one eternal hum:
There's no more music in mine ear
Than in the deal;
My sister says, she's sure that I
Must be without a soul!

I have no pleasure in the notes
Of Brahams or Rossini;
In vain, alas! the long time to pass,
I visit Paganini;
And pretty Inagrainy,
Her pretty shoes may roll;
They bring all tastes of spot Elysian,—
I am without a soul!

I never heard Malibran,
And only once heard Pasta!
Fast as old Orpheus moved the brutes,
He would have moved me faster;
I once heard that old Mara sing,
But could not stop the whole;
Alas! I is a mournful thing
To be without a soul!

Oh! Music,—let my father talk
Himself into a passion;
Oh! Music,—let enthusiasts rave,
Because it is the fashion;
Let amateurs the trumpet sound
Till they're as black as coals;
I don't believe, for all their bounds,
That they themselves have souls!

The bagpipes play outside my house,
My cousin plays within;
My brothers shoot their songs about,
The Pasha's day;
Where'er I go, its always so,
And if from pole to pole
I wander, there is music still
For one without a soul!

I never played a single tune,
I never sang a song;
I very seldom go to church,
I know its rather wrong,
Oh! would that every sacrament,
And every music scroll,
Might never, never more offend
The man without a soul!

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—"Oh, beautiful! oh, more than beautiful! for thou to me art like a dream unbroken," exclaimed the young leader to his betrothed, "I can me breathe my adoration. I offer thee not empire; I offer thee not wealth; I offer thee not all the boundless gratification of magnificent fancy—these may be thine, but all these thou hast proved; but if the passionate affections of a spirit, which ne'er has yielded to the power of woman, or the might of man—if the deep devotion of the soul of Altoy be deemed an offering meet for the shrine of thy surpassing loveliness, I worship thee! Since I first gazed upon thee, since thy beauty first rose upon my presence like a star, bright with my destiny, in the still sanctuary of my secret love, thy idol form has ever reared. Then, then, I was a thing whose very touch thy cruel might count a contumely. I have avenged the insults of long centuries in the best blood of Asa; I have returned, in glory and in pride, to claim my ancient sceptre; but sweeter far than vengeance, sweeter far than the quick gatherings of my sacred tribes, the rush of triumph and the blaze of empire, is this broad moment of adoring love, wherein I pour the passion of my life!"—*Wendrum Tale of Alroy.*

STAGE FEELING.—King has recorded of Garrick, that whilst that great actor was drowning the house in tears, in the fourth act of *Lear*, he put his tongue in his cheek, and said to him, during the applause, "*D—n me, Tom, it will do, it will do.*"

NICE PREFERENCE.—"Do you like poetry?" said the Frenchman to his friend. "O, yes!" replied the other, "next to prose."

A poor countryman being summoned before the magistrate of the St. Alban's bench for arrears of poor rates, was asked on what ground he claimed? To which he very innocently replied, "Lord bless you, gentleman, I have no ground at all, mine's only a cottage."

"Grandmother," said a favorite grandson to an elderly matron residing at Framingham, "what do the Boston folks mean by General Election?" "Why, Sammy," responded the good dame, "I don't justly know, but I rather guess it's a Meeting House."

"As far as I can see," says O'Brien, "the life of a man consists in getting into scrapes, and getting out of them."

A TUPELOWER TUPEARER.—The editor of the Witness, published in Middletown, (Conn.) ill-naturedly publishes at full length the only speech of an aspiring member of the Legislature, during three years. He says the reader may "imagine the tall and imposing figure of the orator reducing to an angle of forty-five degrees—his legs, crook-ant—his arms, ramp-ant—his hands, grasp-ant—hisyes, squint-ant—the scintillations of genius flashing from the latter in such quick succession that they form a halo of glory around his splendid head and expressive face. Here is the speech:

"Mister Speaker—Ah I had the honor to introduch thish bill, I think it ought to pash."

A young lady looking into the family Bible, and observing the date of her birth, took her pencil and wrote: "Above the age of twenty-one and not yet given to marriage." This induced her father to write beneath: "He who giveth in marriage doeth well, but he who giveth not in marriage doeth better." To which she made the following reply: "Dear father, I love to do well—let those do better who can."

NATURAL BONESETTER.

Doctor Pulltoggle was one of those men, well known as the seventh son of a seventh son. He was born with the necessary of everything, and people expressed it, was a *natural bone-setter*. He had no knowledge from books or from instruction; and he required none. What is bred in the bone, says the old saw, *comes out in the flesh*; and Doctor Pulltoggle could no more help being a bone-setter, than the cat in the fable, who was changed into a lady, could help running after the mouse.

Why the mere circumstance of his being the seventh son of a seventh son, should convey this extraordinary gift, nobody undertook to explain. It was a thing utterly beyond comprehension. It was a mystery, which nobody thought of looking into; but which was valued the more for being a mystery. "It is very strange," said the people, when a family of setting bones this Doctor Pulltoggle has! He never looked in a surgery book in his life, but took it all up of his own head; and yet he's the slickest hand to set a bone in all New England. Why he makes no more of slipping in a dislocated joint, than a common doctor would of slipping a common man into his pocket."

With this reputation, Doctor Pulltoggle had a good deal of practice. He was particularly famous for the cure of old cases, which were supposed to have baffled the skill of the regular surgeons. This was especially the case in regard to long-standing injuries of the joints, which, whatever their nature might be, he generally contrived to unsomersphone into luxations. But, whether the cases were old or recent, he knew how to make the most of them; and, by changing sprains into dislocations, to gain both money and reputation by reducing them.

He affected a sort of austerity, or slight of hand, in his mode of operating; and would resort to various sly tricks to deceive the eyes of the beholders. He wished to conceal from all others the precise manner in which he was instructed in his art, as well as the peculiar manner of effecting it. Of his marvellous dexterity, in this respect, several anecdotes are still current in the circle of his practice.

But Doctor Pulltoggle did not rely altogether upon the dexterous motion of the hand for his success and reputation in the art of bone-setting. He had invented a kind of ointment, still famous in that region, by the name of Toggle Grease, and application doubtless derived from his own cognomen, the first syllable having, in process of time, been lopped off for the sake of ease in pronunciation. With this grease he used to amuse the impatient patient for a few moments, and that if it is wiped one after each shot, it will do duty for hours.

Such was the reputation, and such the effects, of the Toggle Grease. But what it was made of nobody knew, except the inventor. There were indeed various conjectures about it; and certain wise persons were ready to swear positively to one or more of the ingredients.

"It is," said one, "made of devil's bit, and a number of other strong herbs, cooked in rattlesnake's fat."

"That's all you know about it," said another; "the principal ingredientsare, to my certain knowledge, is the marrow gut out of the bones of a human man, and that is the reason it has such an effect in making people's bones come in their places."

"You're right," said a third, "about its being the marrow of a human critter; but it isn't every human critter that makes it of the same effect. It must be a man that was born on the 29th day of February, just between the old and new of the moon, that never sucked a human mother, and never tasted a drop of water in his life, and at last was killed with lightning."

"And that aint all," said another, "the marrow must be tried out in a good kettle; and when the other ingredients have been put in, they must all be stirred together with a bone that came out of a catamount's leg."

"Now all that," said a fifth, "is a mere fudge, and just an old woman's notion. I have good reason to know it's just no such thing. There aint a bit of human marrow, of any sort or kind, in the Toggle Grease. The foundation is the fat of a Guinea nigger, roasted alive. To this is added a little dragon's blood, a little de of spikes, a little goose-grease, together with about twenty kinds of herbs and roots, all gathered in the dark of the moon, and smudged over a slow fire till they come to the incontinence of ointment. I don't know exactly what the arbs may be; but I'm sartin about the nigger's fat, and the dragon's blood—or it may be devil's blood, which I spose is all one and the same thing—and also about the goose-grease cooked the de of spikes, and all them things."

Such were some of the various ideas entertained of the composition of the Toggle Grease; and indeed the inventor himself had done much to puzzle, mislead, and divide public opinion on this abstruse subject, by throwing out certain half expressed and mysterious hints, sometimes of one kind, and sometimes another, according to the nature of his auditors. But the composition of the Toggle Grease remained a secret till the day of his death; and, though transmitted to one of his descendants, in whose hands it now remains, still continues a secret to all the rest of the world.

When Doctor Pulltoggle could not, with propriety and safety, make dislocations of sprains, he cured them under their proper name, by the application of his compound. Many wonderful cures are reported to have been achieved by this means. One instance in particular deserves mention, on account of its suddenness.

A young lady, in going to a sleigh ride, had been upset, and got her ankle so severely sprained, that she could not walk nor stand. It was not only very painful; but, what was worse still, she could not dance. It was decreed to be a bad case, to require weeks, even months, in healing. To a sprightly young lady, who was regretting every moment that she was kept from the dance, this was but poor consolation. Fortunately, however, Doctor Pulltoggle, who was on a journey, happened to arrive just at the nick of time, at the inn where the sleighing party held their ball.

The unfortunate young lady was sitting in one chair, with her sprained ankle in another—groaning and bitterly lamenting her fate, while she heard the fiddling and dancing so near her, without being able to join in it. With what joy then did she hear that Doctor Pulltoggle was then in the house. She requested to see him immediately, and begged, for the love of heaven, that he would cure her ankle, so that she could rise and join in the dance.

"How! do you expect me to perform a six weeks' job in half a dozen minutes?"

"I don't know how I'm sure, doctor; but I know you can do it well enough, if you try."

"How do you know, my ducky, ha?" said Pulltoggle, chucking her under the chin.

"Oh, I know it well enough, doctor, because I've heard time and again, of the great cures you have performed."

"You have, ha! and you think I can cure your ankle in the twanging of a fiddle, do you?"

"Yes, do now, Doctor Pulltoggle, (that's a good soul) you can't think how I want to be up and dancing."

"You'll give me a kiss then, I suppose, if—"

"Yes, but you must cure my ankle first."

"Well, I suppose I must try what can be done for the poor girl that wants to be shaking the foot so terribly."

Thus saying, he drew forth a box of the precious Toggle Grease, and began to anoint the red and swollen ankle; which, in less than three minutes, was reduced to its natural size and colour; and the lady, springing upon her feet, began to caper round the room as though nothing had happened.

"Ah, but the kiss now!" exclaimed Pulltoggle.

"You shall have it if you can catch me," returned the patient, gaily; and running into another ballroom, she more execution in the dance than any other person of the whole company.

A Traveller's Story.

THE ALLIGATOR AND THE LEOPARD.

Capt. James Edward Alexander, of the 42d Royal Highlanders, F. R. G. S., M. R. A. S., &c., has lately given to the world the record of a new series of personal adventures, of which the scenes were laid in various parts of this continent. We annex one of his narrations. In the South American forests he fell in with a countryman named Fraser, from whom, among other facts, [?] he learned the following:—

"'You see Antonio there, a Spanish Indian, in the bow of the canoe; well, he and myself, and a few others, once went up to the Apaya, a branch on the Orinoco, to look for turtle's eggs, and on that expedition we saw a very strange sight, which might not be believed at home—and I don't like to tell it to every one.' 'Don't hesitate to tell it me, Frazer. I have seen sights myself that I don't like telling, as I would rather have a character for veracity than be considered one who has seen wonders, and is fond of doling them out full justice in the narration; but communicate freely, and I'll reciprocate.' 'Well, then; we went up the Apoura and came to the sandbanks where the nests were, and whenever there was a smooth part of the sand we dug down eight or nine inches, and commonly found five and twenty eggs, with a soft shell like parchment. After procuring as many as we wanted, we dropped down the Apoura and got into the Orinoco, broad and deep, and bordered by heavy forests. We were passing a spit of sand, on a clear afternoon, when we saw a large cayman, ten feet long, asleep on the sand, at a few feet from the water's edge. We approached in the coconut to shoot the monster in the eye; but as we neared him, a spotted jaguar was seen to issue from the edge of the forest, and stole towards the alligator, creeping with his belly on the ground like a cat preparing to surprise a bird. We drew off to see what would happen. The leopard made a sudden spring on the cayman, and they both disappeared in the river in a cloud of spray and foam. The cayman did not re-appear, but the nimble jaguar soon rose to the surface, blowing with his exertion; setting on his haunches, like a dog, on the sand, he licked himself for a few moments, and recovering his breath, he again plunged into the river like a Newfoundland dog. Up he came again; still no cayman was seen, though the water was much agitated, and bubbles rose to the surface. At last, after a third dive, he dragged the alligator on the sand in a dying state. We wanted to secure them both, and fired away all our powder and ball at the jaguar, but he just sat looking at us, grinning and growling as we fired, and we were obliged to move off; but next day we got the dead cayman, but don't know what became of his conqueror. No part of the cayman had been eaten; perhaps a ball may have spoilt the jaguar's appetite.' 'Yes, or perhaps he had attacked the cayman merely through natural animosity, like the salamandar the snake.'"

A person, notorious for his profanity, was taken on a writ, and not possessing the wherewithal to pay the demand, was locked up in jail. His miserable wife, deprived of that support which even a broken staff affords, was observed by her little son to weep; condoled of his father's proficiency, he kindly said to her, "Mamma, don't cry, father will swear out in half an hour."

KENTUCKY SPORTS.

Men who have lived years in Kentucky, and been witness of rifle sports, should preface any one with the second moiety of his observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that state.

Several individuals expert in the management of the gun meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; and setting a rifling party, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The distance may be forty paces. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the heading of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting right on the head is satisfactory. Well, one out of the three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two rails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of three generally settle the affair. This is technically termed, "Driving the Nail."

"Barking off Squirrels" is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than driving nails. I first witnessed the manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of Kentucky river until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks and hickories; squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a hunting shirt, hare-legged and moccasined carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings. We moved about a quarter of a mile, when the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of those animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch nearly forty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the *bead* (that being the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he pointed out to me. The report resounded through the woods and along the hills, in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel. Another was then pointed out, and the same process followed by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air. Boon kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for, to load the rifle requires but a few moments, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours.

The "smelling of a candle" was a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River. I heard many Dutch stories of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the spot I was welcomed by a dozen of old stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night as the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling in the moonlight air. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended as an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the place where the fire was blazed. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut the wick, which was frequently the same effect. Some actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity with numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed out the candle three times out of seven.—*Audubon's Biography.*

SNAKES.—"A stout negro, belonging to a friend near Stalbrook, brought in from the bush two rattlesnakes in a box; he seemed to have completely subdued them by intimidation, and after a time he would let them out on the verandah, and they would return to him at his call. One day they were missing, and the negro's master going to an out-house, saw them coiled up under the step of the door; he was a long time imprisoned, but at last plucked up courage and sprang into the open air over them. The negro went out with his box to catch them; 'Massa you mauvais, you go away! Get in house this minute,' said Quaco, and the reptiles obeyed him! Sometimes he would irritate his pets, and they would bite him in the hand; then he would run out to his master, and suck the venom, and rub the wound with a plant, the name of which he would not reveal, for his fellow slaves looked on him with great respect for his being a snake charmer. At last, on one occasion he got clear of his master handling the snakes, they bit him, he neglected to apply his antidote, went to the field to work, and in a short time was a bloated corpse. I have seen the cobra di capello, or hooded snake of India, pass in my garden; I have watched the snake charmer with feathered turban, sitting beside a hole under the hedge of prickly pear, and piping on a rude musical instrument made from a gourd, and a bit of bamboo in front of it; unlike the 'deaf adder,' the head of the cobra would soon appear above ground, as if listening to the wild strains, and his eye attracted by the dazzling glass. An assistant would then throw on him some kind the neck would draw forth his yellow and writhing length, and without extracting his poisonous fangs, would slip him into a covered basket, me tioning the usual curse of 'Hut Tiljee' and some quarter of an hour would return, place his basket on the ground, sit on his haunches before it and pipe, the lid would rise, and the subdued snake come forth, partly coil himself up, and move his head to the music, and every gesture display his spectacled hoot, or hass when the charmer approached his hand. The assistant would go behind and hold up the reptile by the tail, then he could not do injury; but if a bold person came too near the head, it would in a few minutes. What I have read of tame rattlesnakes is less surprising than the feats of oriental snake charmers with the cobra.—*Alexander's sketches.*

THE DRUNKARD'S COMPLAINT

OF THE MOISTNESS OF HIS NECK.

A jolly son of Bacchus I,
Black Betty's hugged with fond desire;
And, as he joined in closer chat,
The colour of his nose grew higher.

Yet 'mid this warm ecstatic glow,
With all his joy in existence full tide,
He either felt, or fancied too,
And plaintive thus his sorrows sighed:

"Sure, nature, parsimonious dame!
Who stakes her thirst with rain and dew,
Meant we should play a sun'lar game,
And wet our lips with water too.

"Else why, alas! did she bestow
A neck so short on men of note,
We scarcely feel the liquor flow
Before it's fairly down the throat?

"Or was the dame in want of clay,
That she should make so short a route
Along the oesophagus way,
Nor any further stretch it out?

"Full sure the task were short enough,
With lib'ral hand, to have set in
A little longer piece of stuff
Between the bosom and the chin.

"Has not the horse a longer neck,
Who never uses a cup of rum?
Does not the crane a longer deck,
Who never near a tavern come?

"While I, alas! unlucky soul,
Who pleasures buy at so much cost,
Scarce to my lips can lift the bowl
Before the liquor is lost.

"Oh, had my neck a sweet extent,
As long as Danube or the Nile!—
But nay, perhaps I'd be content
Even did it only reach a mile.

"To have it stretched I would not reck,
Could I sustain the hempen strife,
And only lengthen'd out my neck
Without the short'ning of my life."

Thus sighed the man in plaintive sort,
But strove the cause of grief to drown;
And as he found his neck too short,
He off'ner poured the liquor down.

* A name for the bottle.

A GENTLE HINT.—An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding "If I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason." The last was, the nephew had some time before stolen it from his relative.

BAD SPELLING.—You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, no well-informed person, who has good sense, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance—A gentleman received a letter, in which it was there written, *Not as I'm fencing Brown at fast, I delivered a-er sweet to his eye.* The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they pitched out the meaning of all but the *a-er*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chamber maid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised that neither Sir nor Madam could tell what *a-er* was—"Why," says she, "*a-er* spells *ivife*, what else can it spell?" And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling wife, than *Double you i f e*; which, in reality, spell *doubleeyefe.*—*Franklin's Letters.*

ETIQUETTE OF THE FARMER BAR.—During a recent trial at Paris, an advocate was preparing to take his seat upon the counsel's bench, he was rudely seized by the collar, by one of the Municipal Guards. A struggle ensued, and upon being liberated, the advocate manfully complained to the Prescident of the Court of the outrage upon his person. The Judge called upon the peace officer to account for his having thus created a riot, who attempted to justify himself by pointing out that the barrister had violated the regulations as to costume, by presenting himself in a pair of *gray pantaloons and a black stock.* The President, however, informed the self constituted Master of Ceremonies, that he had exceeded his prerogative, and if stunned him, with a severe reprimand for his presumption.

Rural Economist.

INDIAN CORN.—I have not seen much said in the Farmer upon the best mode of cultivating Indian corn. I suppose people generally think that they know too much on that subject to receive benefit from the experiences of others; yet I have noticed that people generally work among their corn in rather a superficial manner, especially the first time of ploughing and hoeing. The general practice is, to take a plough with a mould-board on, and endeavour to loosen just enough to hoe the corn with, which is about all they can do; for if the plough goes in deep, and turns up a large furrow, it will cover up the corn very much. To obviate this difficulty, suppose a, or, to take off the mould-board, for I use for little purpose an old fashioned bull plough, and go through my corn the first time in this way, ploughing to the depth that my ground was to be broken up, and the too with two furrows to a row each way. This land of a plough will thoroughly mellow the ground, without throwing it up so as to cover the corn. My experience has taught me that corn will do much better in this way, with but little hoeing, except clearing out the weeds well from the hills, which always ought to be done, than by the corn non mode of ploughing with the mould-board, and much more than with the hoe.—make a handsome hill.

E. WILBUR.

PIPE VIEW, 6th mo. 3, 183.

FORMATION OF A MUSICAL EAR.—The formation of a musical ear depends on early impressions. Infants who are placed within the constant hearing of musical sounds, soon learn to appreciate them; and nurses have the merit of giving the first lessons in melody; for we learn from the lives of eminent composers, that their early fondness for the art may be traced to the ditties of the nursery.—*Gardner's Music of Nature.*

TO PRESERVE BEAND AD PEAR.—Pears and beans may be preserved throughout the winter by scalding them in a strong syrup of sugar and dying them; after which they should be put in a bottle and corked close. If each part of this process conducted with care, it will be found when they are cooked that they have lost but little of their flavor, and that they will form a great add ton to our vegetable dishes during winter.—*Genesee Farmer.*

THE WEEVIL.—Salt said to be a complete preventive against destruction of wheat by the weevil. Mix a pint of salt with a bush of wheat, or put the grain in old salt barrels, and no weevil will not attack it. In stacking wheat, four feet square, and a foot and a hand at sheaves, sprinkle among them, will entirely secure them from the depredations of this insect, and render the straw more durable as food for cattle.—*Hart. Ag.*

GINSENG FOR HEAVES IS HONEST.—A correspondent of the New York Farmer says that his horse, who is now in his twentieth yer, has been cured of the disease called "heaves" by the use of ground ginger, a remedy recommended him for the purpose. A table spoonful was given to him daily for some weeks, mixed in his mess of Indian meal and cut straw. The horse had been troubled with wheezing and hard cough for a year or two, and lot lost flesh so much that he seemed to have nearly reached his term of service. Since the use of the powdered ginger, he has become quite fat, and appears now some years younger, and in good spirits.

LIME AS A MANURE.—The Easton Whig says, in relation to the present excellent effect the larvas in that vicinity. "There has been, in the last fifteen years, a wondroon improvement in our agriculture, mainly to be attributed to the use of lime as a manure. We think we are within bounds when we say, that there is now raised in the Kittatiny valley twice the quantity of wheat which was grown fifteen years ago."

OFFICE HOURS, from 6 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M.
july 13—tf

German and English Printing Office,
Lilly Alley, near Green street, Northern Liberties, between Second and Third streets.

THE subscriber having purchased the above establishment, is now publishing the German newspaper, "Der Pennsylvanischer Zeitungs," he publishes respectfully requests a continuation of the patronage bestowed on the late proprietor, which he intends to merit by strict attention to business.
Orders for Printing in all the languages, executed with neatness and dispatch.
AUGUSTUS GRAETER.
july 13—tf

To Journeymen Cabinet and PIANO-FORTE MAKERS.

SEVERAL first rate workmen wanted, to whom liberal wages will be given. LOUIS PAUL GERMAIN,
Pianoforte Building, N. W. corner of Chestnut and Fifth streets.
july 13—tf

Bookseby Mail.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE, or a Journal of Travels in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland and Saxony, by Charles Robert Talbot, Esq. of the Royal Civil Service, of Queen's College, Cambridge, &c.
The above work will be announced in this week's number of Walsh's Circulating Library.
"Walsh's Circulating *Monthly Magazine*.—Mr. Elliott justly ranks among the most laborious and intelligent of his class. His unremitting zeal in discovering the most valuable publications, and prompt liberality to the subscriber, ought to be best consulted. We cannot ever read a work in which there is so little pretension, and so much to gratify the taste of the lovers of the literature, on a cheap terms. His style is pure and classic, and his selections are made with a taste and judgment which become his wishes and his interests. Thus he has become his wishes and his interests, and our intercourse upon rigorous principles of mutual benefit, and we hope it will long have of him with a safe or mutual.
CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.—Contents—Ephemeral Journalists, or, Rambles in Holland, Frederickstadt, Christiana, Bergen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Kyrosin in Finland, Berlin, Dresden, Potsdam, Leipsic, Prague.
The JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, accompanying the Journal of Fashion, contains a Review of the Drawing Rooms at the Court of St. James—of the new volume of Bulwer's Pelham—Review of Lady Morgan's Book of the Boudoir—Tales Tribe—new in prose, Literary Novelties, Lists of new English and American publications, Original Correspondence, &c.
Subscriptions to the Circulating Library and Journal of Belles Lettres, continue at $10 letter postage paid, or $5 for one year, being the cheapest periodical now offered to the public. Beautifully printed.
N. M. N. SAVORY.
july 13—tf

Important Discovery.

DR. CARPIN, having discovered specifics for the Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, and Summer Complaint, offers them to the public. His Elixir is a certain cure also for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, the Summer Complaint of Children, &c. During the prevalence of the Cholera, it proved a specific in every instance checking both the vomiting and purging, thereby preventing a fatal collapse. Dr. C.'s Ague Drops will be found to be a cheap, safe, and sure remedy for the most severe cases of Ague and Fever, in three or four doses.
Price of both the above Medicines, 25 cents per bottle, each, with printed directions and certificates of cures. Sold at Thompson's Drug Store, corner of Second and Market streets; F. Kohl's, corner of Second and Callowhill streets, and at Agents for the Country—Capt. H. Hughes, Cape May, N. J.; Jas. Kelly, Woodstown, Gloucester Co., N. J.; William H. Lockman, Harrisburg, Pa.
N. B. Each genuine bottle is stamped on each bottle.
july 13—6m

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Reeser & Berger, in Pittsburgh, Pa., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. All persons having claims against the late firm, are requested to present them for settlement to Jacob Berger, or to Jacob Whitehead, who are duly authorized to settle the concern, and close business; are particularly requested to make immediate payment to Jacob Berger, or to Jacob Whitehead, at the Store.
JACOB BERGER.
C. H. SPURRY.
The business will be continued as heretofore, at the old stand, by Jacob Berger, where he hopes, by keeping a good assortment of goods and selling for ready pay, to merit a share of the liberal share of patronage.
JACOB BERGER.
july 13—tf

Union Hotel, Tuckerton, N. J.

THE proprietor respectfully informs the friends of Philadelphia and the public in general, that he has taken the above named house, and which is open for the reception of visitors. The house is commodious, cleanly, and comfortable, pleasantly situated for home resorting to the beaches. He flatters himself, if those who visit this place, will give him a call, they will meet with comfort to suit at this establishment. He assures the public that no pains will be spared to make his guests comfortable, and to merit a share of public patronage. Hack will be kept in this place. He has shot he supplied with the choicest wines and ales, and the choicest liquors of the place procured for his table. JAMES D. KELLEY
Tuckerton, New Jersey, June 1, 1833.
N. B. The regular line of mail stages, to and from Philadelphia to the and several other places, run almost daily to the Tuckerton Hotel, and the boats ply at Tuckerton to connect with the stages to the different beaches.
july 6—tf

Agricultural and Manufacturing WAREHOUSE.

TO the public in general, who are desirous of procuring implements for the above purposes, will favour the subscribers by calling at their establishment, where they will furnish them with the best implements, and on the most reasonable terms, and will warrant the implements they may be offered, which will be sold on long credit and reasonable terms for cash or approved paper.
Find ALE, a good assortment of Machine Cards, Shearing Machines, Tumour Leather, The Machine Cloth Fitches, Steel Drills, Plunges, &c. MOORE & SLATER.
july 6—tf 27 Front street.

Bordentown & New Egypt Stage.
Will run until the 15th of Sept. next.

THE subscribers have commenced running a regular stage from Bordentown to New Egypt, every Monday, at Prickett's Hotel, New Egypt, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock A. M. for Bordentown, and from Bordentown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, at the arrival of the boats from Philadelphia; passing through the villages of Crosswicks, Rockbridge and Jacob's town on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon about 1 o'clock, the same day will leave Bordentown for Crosswicks and Rockbridge, and return next morning in time for the morning boat for Philadelphia. For seats apply to Jacob Prickett's Hotel, Bordentown, Pearson's Hotel, Crosswicks, Thomas Hedge's, Rockbridge, E. Allentown Stage, Allentown, and at Blackman's Hotel, New Egypt. Passengers will be conveyed through any of the above mentioned towns at a moderate rate, and the subscribers assure the public that no exertion will be wanting to render the conveyance as comfortable and pleasant as possible.
AMBER CARTE,
O. R. WARNER.
july 6—tf New Egypt.

Remedy for the Piles.

THE medicine now offered to the public, is one which has not been fully submitted to the infallible test of experience. In every instance where it has been fairly tried, it has been crowned with the most remarkable success. In some of the cases the patients had been laboring under the disease for years, and during that period had tortured the best medical advisers, and been embarrassed a severe surgical operation, without permanent advantage. He not (the medicine) needed advertising, offered as a certain cure, for a long catalogue of diseases, but some other hand with this medicine, for which alone it is recommended may rely with confidence upon its claiming full credit on its own merits, in a short time; and that the patient may be the best judgeof the importance of such a remedy, I offer it on a fair trial, with certificates signed by the proprietors.
Prepared and sold at Bancel & Co.'s drugs and chemical store, corner of Fifth and Market streets.
Price 25 cents per box.
Agents—Sold by WILLIAM BAKER, corner, No. 16 N. side of Philada. agent for the proprietor.
only 9—2.*

To Dyers & Manufacturers.

THE subscribers have opened a Mill for the purpose, and they are now prepared and long for sale the following articles, all perfectly reliable, viz. Ind. Sal.

Fine Cream Tartar,	Powdered Gum Alone,
do. Red Prussiate,	do. Rhubarb,
do. Alumen,	do. Gamboge,
do. Almond,	do. Gum,
do. Cocoa,	do. Lac,
do. Lemon Peel,	do. Lac Dye,
do. Liquorice Root,	do. Russia,
do. Gum Arabic,	do. Dutch,
do. Gum Senegal,	do. Cambridge,
do. Gum Gamboge,	do. Pipe, &c.

WETHERILL & BROTHERS,
No. 84 north 2d, cor. Quarry st.
June 29—

Adelphi Cotton Factory WAREHOUSE.

NO. 245 Cedar st. between fifth and 7th streets, Philadelphia, offer for sale all kinds of Ambrose cotton, Shirtings and unbleached, blue and white, with a variety of elegant patterns of yarn, suitable for the season. Carpet yarn, carpet chain, suspender yarn and webbing, cotton cord, &c. also adapted to the nationale manufacture dealers. Orders will be filled Country. No. 11 Hanover Church street, at with Joseph Ely, Hardware, Cutlery, &c. Cotton yarn put up in the Adelphi Factory will be attended to.
Wanted two or three stocking weavers. Enquire as above.
june 15—tf

To Printers and Publishers.

THE Subscriber is willing to dispose of the establishment, now in full, for the Journal of Health, a popular monthly periodical, with a large subscription list. The work is conducted by no person, and is of respectable Physicians of Philadelphia, and will be sold on moderate terms, to a respectable purchaser.
The *Stereotype plates* of the three first volumes of the Journal of Health, may also be had, if desired.
Apply (free of postage) to SAM'L. C. ATKINSON,
may 4—tf Office Saturday Evening Post.

Panorama of the City of Mexico,
AND THE SURROUNDING SCENERY.

PAINTED on 2,700 Square feet of Canvas, by ROBERT BURFORD, Esq. from Drawings made on the spot, at the request of the Mexican Government, by *MR. W. HULLOCK, Jr.*
This beautiful picture, with its above details and unrivalled colors, its thousand domes, towers and spires, its populous streets of life covered with eternal snow, and vale for of unbelievable richness, its *gorgeous lake*, its *aspic and coast temperate* for the sal, central equator, relishing processions, bullfights, and on one (hundred spiritual) *unfathomable*, *is now open for the inspection* of the public, in the Saloon of the
WASHINGTON HALL,
South Third Street, between Walnut and Spruce Streets.
Open each day, (Sundays excepted) from 9 o'clock, A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission, 37½ cents.
Pamphlets, (historical and descriptive) 12½ cents.
Season tickets, (not transferable) $1, to be obtained of the agent for the proprietors, at the place of exhibition.
MEXICO ILLUMINATED.
The citizens of Philadelphia and the public generally, are respectfully informed, that the *Panorama of the superb city of Mexico*, (opposite inspection) in the Saloon of the Washington Hall, Third street, Philadelphia, is now illuminated with gas, each part of this process conducted with care, it will be found when they are cooked that they have lost but little of their flavor, and that they will form a great add ton to our vegetable dishes during winter.—*Genesee Farmer.*
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents.—Daily exhibition cannot from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. june 22—3m

Sea Bathing.

THE large and convenient Boarding House, opposite Manchawken, call d by the name of the Mansion of Health, in the county of Ocean, New Jersey, will be open for the reception of the first day of July, for the reception of visitors. The advantages for bathing are equal to any place on the coast. The subscriber has erected a bathing house, and has provided a number of aids to bathing, and will spare no exertion and expense to make the place pleasant and comfortable for the reception of visitors. In short, no exertion or expense will be spared on his part, to render general satisfaction to all who may